



THE



LEISURE HOUR

JUNE, 1884.

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ALMANACK FOR

JUNE, 1884.

| | | | | | | | |
|-----|---------------------|------|---------------------|------|---------------------|------|----------------------|
| 1 S | WHIT SUNDAY | 9 M | ☉ rises 3.46 A.M. | 17 T | ☉ rises 3.44 A.M. | 24 T | Midsummer Day |
| 2 M | Bank Holiday | 10 T | Trin. Law Sitt. be. | 18 W | Lyra S. 0.30 A.M. | 25 W | ☉ rises 3.46 A.M. |
| 3 T | ☉ rises 3.49 A.M. | 11 W | Serpens S. 10 P.M. | 19 T | ☉ sets 8.18 P.M. | 26 T | Venus sets 9 P.M. |
| 4 W | Clk. af. ☉ 1m. 33s. | 12 T | Mars sets at midat. | 20 F | Acc. of Q. Victoria | 27 F | Clk. bef. ☉ 2m. 51s. |
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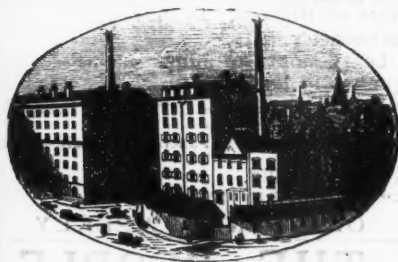
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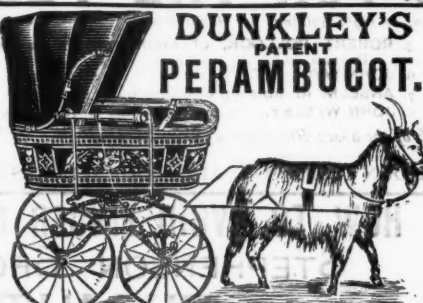
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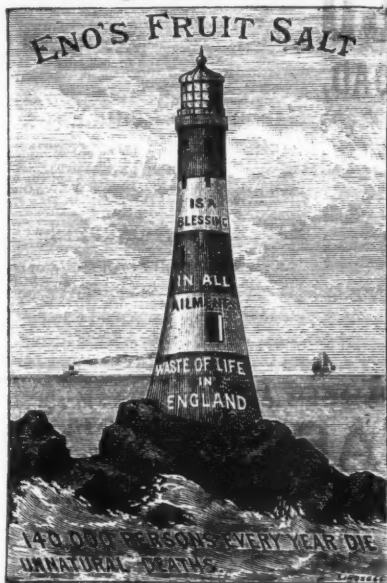
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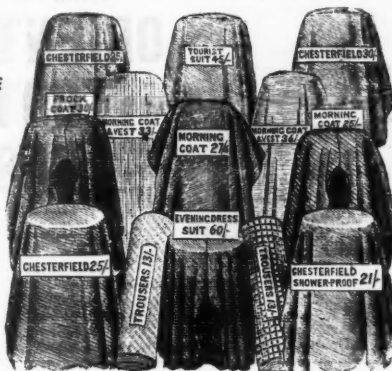


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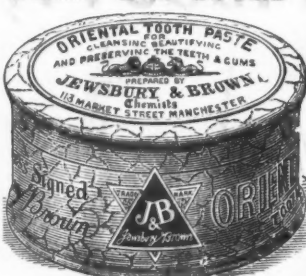
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NO CHOICE:

A STORY OF THE UNFORESEEN.

BY REV. T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "STRAIGHT TO THE MARK," ETC.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

IF HE WON'T PAY FOR IT
SOME ONE ELSE MUST.

Chaos of ruins.—*Byron.*

"HE WILL HAVE TO STAY AT THE VICARAGE."

THE morning light disclosed both the cause and the extent of the catastrophe which we have attempted to describe. The sea had made a further encroachment, and another landslip or terrace had been added to those which intervened between Salsea Hall and the shore. Part of the gardens and shrubberies had now subsided, and though the sinking of the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the buildings was scarcely perceptible, great cracks in the soil were to be seen here and there, and the thick walls of the Manor House showed many a fissure.

One wing of the building was a complete ruin. Well might the owner of the mansion exclaim, "Thank God!" The grateful expression was

repeated more than once by those who came with the morning light to gaze upon the block of masonry and the great timber beams lying together in a heap of confusion. The furniture of the rooms which had been occupied by the household—the very beds on which they had been sleeping—were crushed out of shape, and could scarcely be recognised under the superincumbent mass. If the inmates had not been awakened by the mysterious ringing of the bells, and so prepared to flee from the danger which threatened them, not one of them would have been alive that day. Now, if the house was overthrown, the owner of it at least survived with all belonging to him. The poor dog Ban, chained to his kennel and un-

able to break away from the danger of which, by some strange instinct, he seemed to have been forewarned, was the only creature that had perished in the catastrophe.

Mr. Earle and his daughter found a refuge at the Vicarage, to which Adrien also was removed. The neighbourhood had been aroused by the sound of the falling buildings, and by the tremulous movement of the ground, which extended for a considerable distance at the moment of the landslide. The surgeon hastened to the spot before the messenger who had been sent to summon him could reach his door. The vicar also appeared and pressed them to make use of his house. They were very glad to do so, having no other roof to shelter them, for though the main part of the house was yet standing, and apparently but little damaged, they dared not trust themselves within its walls.

Adrien was much bruised, and had suffered a severe sprain, but was not otherwise injured. He would have to remain at the Vicarage, Mr. Herbert told him, for a week or ten days at least. Such was the doctor's sentence, and there was nothing for it but to submit. His journey to Paris must be deferred to a still later day. Mr. Earle and Marian, unwilling to trespass longer than was necessary upon the vicar's hospitality, proposed to return to London at once, but were induced to remain at the Vicarage one night at least.

"A terrible sight!" said the vicar, when they were standing together later in the day looking at the ruin, upon which a gang of labourers were engaged, recovering anything that was worth saving from the *débris*. "A terrible sight! how thankful you must be to have escaped this sudden destruction. If you had been sleeping in that wing of the building—"

"We were," said the squire.

"Then your life's a miracle."

At another time Mr. Earle would perhaps have said with a sneer that he did not believe in miracles: but he made no such answer now.

"How did you escape?" the vicar asked.

"We had timely warning of what was going to happen."

"Indeed!" said the vicar, with a puzzled look. He had heard the story of the white pigeon and fancied Mr. Earle was alluding to that. The latter seemed to read his thoughts.

"Nothing strange," he said, "nothing remarkable;" and then told him about the howling of the dog and the ringing of the bells.

"I call that very remarkable," said the vicar. "It was a warning that you could scarcely misapprehend, and had the effect intended. Of course you knew that the bells could not be set ringing without a cause, and would naturally ascribe it to a settling of the walls."

Mr. Earle did not care to confess that he had not ascribed it to anything of the kind: his mind had been too much occupied with superstitious fears to think, at that critical moment, of natural causes. And yet he did not believe in the supernatural, he would have told you.

A builder had been sent for to examine and report upon the state of the mansion. It would

be a long job, he said with a serious face; he could see at a glance that extensive repairs would be necessary, besides rebuilding the fallen wing.

"I shall not rebuild that," said the squire.

"Not at present, sir?"

"Not at present; probably not at all; I shall do nothing but what is absolutely necessary to prevent further mischief."

"The breakwater is one of the first things to be seen to," said the builder.

"I can't do anything to the breakwater."

The builder said it was a pity; it would have to be done, and the sooner the better. The house at all events should be set to rights at once.

"We won't keep you long out of it, Mr. Earle," he said.

"I shall not want to occupy it again at present," was the answer. "I am going to London, and shall remain there."

"You are not going to desert us, I hope," said Mr. Herbert, as they walked towards the Vicarage.

"I don't know."

"My dear sir, I do hope you will not be daunted or discouraged by what has happened. I do hope you will not leave us again without a resident owner in the parish."

"I am afraid," Mr. Earle began—

"Think of our poor labourers—consider what a deplorable condition we have been in for years past: don't forsake us, Mr. Earle. Property has its responsibilities and duties—but I need not tell you that, for you have shown such readiness to do everything that could be required of you, and we were all in such good spirits, so full of hope—"

"It will be as great a disappointment to me as to you if I have to abandon the place," said the squire.

"And your daughter—she is so good to the people, and takes such pleasure in going about amongst them. Pray don't talk of abandoning!"

"It will be a sad disappointment to her also," said the squire.

"Then why, my dear sir, why think of it?"

"There are reasons which may make it necessary," said the squire; and then he told him in confidence of Gabaud's visit, and of the possible, nay, probable discovery of another claimant to the estate. "If my brother has left a son," he said, "you will perhaps have him here as a resident."

"That would not be the same thing at all; your brother's son—a Frenchman in all but the name!" said the vicar, sadly; "it would be the old story over again, I fear. I hope and trust no one but yourself will have the estate, Mr. Earle; for the sake of the schools, and the church, and—everything."

"We shall see," said the squire; "meantime, as to the schools, I shall not put a stop to the work there."

"That's good," said the vicar.

"And as to the chancel," Mr. Earle continued, shyly, "the plans for that have been prepared, the contract has been signed, and materials are already on the spot—I think that must go on."

"Thank you, Mr. Earle."

"I don't attach the same importance to the work that you do," he continued; "but as it is begun I will not stop it. If it should prove that I have no personal interest in the estate, the chancel will remain as a memorial of our family. Our vault is under it. If I should never go inside the building again while I live, it is necessary to take thought for what must happen afterwards."

"Yes, indeed," said the vicar; "and I am very glad to hear you say so. I will confess to you that I am agreeably surprised. I had done you injustice. Report speaks of you as a man of no religion, and from some words also of your own I feared—"

"Report was not altogether wrong," said the squire. "In speaking of what is to come after death I was referring only to burial. I should not like to lie in a building that was not kept in proper repair: it would not be creditable to the family. That is my reason—one reason, at all events, for going on with the chancel."

The vicar could not consent to that view. It was making the church a mere burial-place for the dead instead of a house of prayer for the living.

"I hope, however," he began—

But Mr. Earle interrupted him. He did not wish to discuss the question of a future state with the vicar. He had made his protest as a man of science, but only in a half-hearted way, and had no desire to take the infidel side in an argument. He had felt since he had been at Salsea that he ought, as the squire, to go to church; it was proper and respectable, and setting a good example. He had found comfort and even pleasure in the service, and liked to listen to Mr. Herbert's short, pithy and practical sermons. He had begun to think that, in course of time, his views on the subject of religion might perhaps be modified; but he was not yet prepared to make such an admission to the world, nor even to the vicar. It occurred to him also that the latter would have the advantage of him just then in argument. It did seem inconsistent that he should be so careful about his perishing flesh and bones, to have them laid in the family vault with a creditable building over them for future generations to look at, and yet take no thought for his soul. He knew he had a body, which must some day or other be buried, and knew also, if he would confess the truth, that he had a soul, which might also require attention. He had often denied it, but it would not be denied. In deciding to go on with the chancel he had a sort of indistinct idea that it would be a step in the right direction, and might help him to a better position hereafter, if that resurrection from the dead, in which he professed not to believe, should prove to be a reality. A place would be wanted for his body, at all events, in which it might moulder undisturbed. He had not yet made up his mind about a similar necessity for the soul, and could not do so just at present.

The vicar understood what was passing in his thoughts, and felt that he might do more harm than good by arguing the question at that moment; he therefore contented himself with thanking the squire warmly for his promised help.

The next day Mr. Earle and Marian returned to London, but it was more than a fortnight before Adrien could follow them. He kept to the sofa for two or three days, and then hobbled about in front of the Vicarage with a crutch and stick, unable to put his foot to the ground, or went into the churchyard, which was close at hand, and amused himself with reading the quaint epitaphs and scraps of verse with which some of the tombstones were inscribed.

Observing the vestry door open on one of these occasions, he looked in. The clerk was there groping in an old oak chest, in which he was half buried, while a stranger stood by, turning over the leaves of some ancient parchment registers. He was a corpulent middle-aged man, with black hair, and large bushy eyebrows, of sallow complexion, and coarse features. He did not look like a countryman, and his thick, short, yellow fingers resembled in colour the musty pages with which they were occupied. He had a bad cough, and turned his back upon Adrien, stooping and covering his face with his hand when he approached. When Adrien spoke to him, he coughed; when the sexton spoke to Adrien, he coughed again; when Adrien peered into the chest, the stranger bent his head over it and gave way to a paroxysm of coughing, from which Adrien shrank back incontinently.

"Registers," said the clerk, in reply to Adrien's look of inquiry. "Births, deaths, and marriages. Gettin' mouldy and choked up with dust like; and no wonder, it's terrible damp here."

"Are they very old?" Adrien asked.

Cough, cough, cough, from the stranger.

"Two hundred year!" the sexton shouted.

"Anything curious amongst them?" he asked, addressing the stranger.

"No—ho" (cough, cough, cough) was the answer. "No—ho—ho."

Adrien withdrew, thinking that he could see the registers another day, if there was anything in them that would repay him for the trouble. But he found plenty of entertainment in the vicar's society and the vicar's library, and thought no more of the registers.

The post was very irregular at Salsea, and Adrien was waiting for it impatiently on the last day of his sojourn there, the pony carriage being already at the door to take him to the station, when Mr. Herbert, who had walked a little way to meet the rural messenger, appeared, holding an open letter in his hand which he had just read. He looked grave and annoyed.

"This is extraordinary!" he said, approaching Adrien. "A letter from Mr. Earle, desiring that the work at the schools and the church be stopped immediately! It can't be stopped! It has been begun, and must be finished."

"I'll tell him so," said Adrien. "But what can be the meaning of it?"

"Says he can't undertake any further expenditure. Why, he is as rich as Croesus: I have heard you say so."

"He never made any secret of it," said Adrien. "The London property brings him a larger income than he can spend."

Adrien had been taught to look upon Marian as an heiress, and it was a thought that troubled him, as it seemed to place a distance between him and her.

"He is not to be depended upon," said the vicar. "If the work here is to be stopped he will have to stop it himself: I will not have anything to say to it. All his promises have ended in disappointment."

Thus the vicar bemoaned himself while driving Adrien to the railway-station. There he took leave of Adrien, and returned in a bereaved and discontented state of mind to his lonely parsonage.

A scaffold had been erected round the chancel, and the lead was just being stripped from the ridge as he drove past it. Mr. Herbert pulled up and watched the process. Then he saw them take off the slates. There was a great hole in the roof by the time he moved on again, the pony having improved the shining hour by grazing upon the long grass by the roadside.

"I won't stop them!" said the vicar; "Mr. Earle gave the order to begin, and he may tell them to leave off. If he won't pay for it some one else must. We won't play fast and loose with the house of God in this way. The work is necessary, and the money will be found for it somehow or other, I have no doubt. No church-building was ever yet put a stop to for want of money, and no church is suffered to remain long in debt in this Christian land. If Mr. Earle won't pay for it some one else will."

He looked serious, though resolute. He had a little money of his own in the bank, but had many uses for it, and was saving it up for a rainy day. If, however, the worst should come, there it was, and the building, both at the church and schools, having been begun, should now go on.

CHAPTER XXIX.—PROVIDED ALWAYS.

MR. EARLE and his daughter, it will be remembered, had returned to London on the day next but one after the fall of the Manor House. The former had prudently resolved not to lay out any more money upon the Salsea property until the question of ownership raised by Gabaud should have been finally set at rest. It would never do to pull down and rebuild, to drive out expensive breakwaters into the sea, and to spend money upon the impoverished acres and farmsteads of the paternal estate, while any uncertainty remained as to whom that estate should belong. Mr. Earle had very little doubt that Gabaud was a scamp, and the story he had told might be a mere fabrication, intended to extort money from him. But he wanted to be certified on that score, and the accident which had left him without a safe roof over his head at Salsea confirmed his determination to hold his hand and draw together his purse-strings for the present. He had decided, however, to go on with the work at the schools, and to rebuild the chancel of Salsea Church, which he looked upon as a sort of mortuary chapel, a tomb of all the Earles, what-

ever might happen. As long as he had the Newton House property at his back he could very well afford this outlay.

But a day or two before Adrien quitted Salsea to return to London an event occurred which added greatly to Mr. Earle's anxieties, giving him occasion to doubt whether he might not be deprived of that same Newton House property, with all its revenues from ground-rents and other sources, and be compelled to take Salsea, not in addition to what he already had, but instead of it.

A man of the name of Levison had called on him; a lawyer and money-dealer, who had pestered him already with bills and liabilities on his late brother's account. Mr. Earle had paid him, through his man of business, some large amounts, and had finally resolved to have nothing more to do with him. Levison had been quiet for a time, but had now begun again to be troublesome. Receiving no answer to a mysterious and private letter which he had addressed to Mr. Earle, he followed it up by presenting himself in person at the gate of Newton House, desiring to see that gentleman himself, and no one else, on business of the deepest importance.

Levison was a short, corpulent man of middle age, with coal-black hair and large shaggy eyebrows; his features were coarse and fleshy; his nose very prominent; his eyes dark and piercing. He had a chronic and troublesome cough, which caused him to bend down and to cover his face with his thick sallow fingers, especially when any one looked at him or spoke to him. Embarrassment or excitement always brought on a paroxysm of coughing. Digweed, who peered through the grating at him when the bell rang, had never seen the man's face before; but our readers will recognise him as the person whom Adrien had met in the vestry of Salsea Church, examining and making extracts from the parish registers.

Digweed, not being prepossessed with the face and general appearance of the visitor, asked him his business, to which the latter replied by handing him a card through the grating—

MR. LEVISON, Solicitor,
Hilary Court.

"Take that to your master," he said.

"Master?" said Digweed; "who do you mean by master?"

"Mr. Hearle—Nooton-Hearle, if he likes that better. I suppose he is an astronomer, ain't he?"

"A 'stronomer! Mr. Newton-Earle! No; not he. You must be thinking of Nunn—Professor Nunn; he's a 'stronomer if you like; gets his living by it; but he ain't my master. Mr. Earle is a gentleman, of no perfession, independent, and the owner of two large estates. He ain't no 'stronomer, Mr. Newton-Earle."

Digweed spoke with bitterness, feeling deeply injured at having it supposed that his master was an astronomer of the same type as Professor Nunn.

"What does he have these telescopes for, then?" the stranger asked, peeping through the grating to see all that could be seen.

"To please himself. He ain't obliged to it; he don't get his living by it; he ain't like Professor Nunn. If he's a 'strornomer at all it's only an immature one; he ain't a 'strornomer by trade, not he."

"Amateur, eh? Well, take my card to Mr. Nooton-Hearle, and say I want to see him on business of the greatest consequence."

"Levison," said Mr. Earle, when the card was delivered to him. "Where is he? what does he want?"

"Outside," said Digweed, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder. "Another of them furrineerin' fellows by the looks of him."

"I suppose he had better come in," Mr. Earle said, as if conferring with himself.

"Better where he is, in my opinion," said Digweed.

"Nonsense! Admit him."

Mr. Levison did not look much like a foreigner, nor yet altogether like an Englishman.

"Come, my man," he said, impatiently, to Digweed, who was taking another look at him through the grating; "come, my man, open the door. You shouldn't keep a gentleman waiting outside in the road like this."

"Shentleman?" said Digweed, half aloud, imitating a sort of lisp in the other's speech—"shentleman? No, I never does—not if I knows it."

"Ha!" said Levison, taking stock of the house and grounds as soon as the gate was open. "Nice place—fine house—big telescopes!"

Digweed looked at him with a scowl, provoked at the complacent way in which he surveyed the property.

"Mind the dorg!" he exclaimed, suddenly; "look out for Nic!"

Canicula had been standing quietly at the mouth of his kennel till that moment; but the mention of his name, and especially the emphatic way in which it was pronounced, roused him instantly, and he sprang out to the extent of his chain, snarling and barking maliciously. Mr. Levison cut a caper which was neither graceful to look at nor, for a stout man with a bad cough, agreeable to perform; and then stood at a distance, coughing.

"You shouldn't—ho!—keep a brute—ho!—like that—ho! ho!" he said; "he's not safe."

"Oh yes," said Digweed, "he's safe enough, Nic is; it's you that ain't safe. I wouldn't trust to his chain much if I was you; it's wore that thin with his frettin' and worritin' as I wouldn't answer for it when he's in his tantrums."

Nic was in his tantrums then, and Mr. Levison did not see what else there was besides the chain for him to trust to; so he started off to run as fast as his obesity would let him, and did not stop till he reached the door of the house; there John Pook received him, and took him to his master in the library.

"Levison my name is," he said, panting, and lisping more than usual, in consequence of the excitement under which he was still labouring—"Levison, sh'licitor, Hilary Court. You know me, Mr. Hearle, by name, at any rate."

"Yes, sir; and by reputation."

"Allow me s'gest better have that dog shut up—not shafe—ho, ho, ho!"

Mr. Earle made no reply, but waited till his visitor had recovered himself a little.

"Nice place this!" Mr. Levison said, after wiping his face and dusting himself generally with his handkerchief, but without looking any cleaner for the process—"nice place this!"

Mr. Earle bowed stiffly.

"Nice place this, I say," Mr. Levison repeated.

"You did not come here to tell me that, sir, I presume. To what, then, am I indebted for this visit?"

"Allow me, sir," said Mr. Levison, stepping lightly to the door, opening it to satisfy himself that there were no listeners, and then closing it again. "A little matter of business, Mr. Hearle; we will come to it presently. Don't let me distress you, Mr. Hearle; we will come to it presently."

"At once, if you please," the master of the house replied. "If it is the old story, it may save trouble if I tell you at once that I do not intend to pay you another shilling on my late brother's account. You need not bring me any more of his bills, for I shall not look at them."

Mr. Levison was seized with a fit of coughing, in the intervals of which he drew forth a bundle of papers from his pocket.

"It's not the same story exactly this time, Mr. Hearle—Nooton-Hearle, I believe—Nooton from the mother's side, I believe? Just so."

"Really, sir!"

"One moment, Mr. Hearle—Mr. Nooton-Hearle; have patience, sir; don't ring the bell; don't call any one. It ain't bills this time, and it ain't a revolver neither," displaying the bundle of papers with a grimace intended to be facetious—"it ain't a revolver, though I won't say that it's exactly the sort of instrument as any one in your position, Mr. Hearle, would like to be threatened with. Still, it ain't a revolver."

"What do you want?" Mr. Earle said, losing patience.

"It's about this nice little property of yours, Mr. Nooton-Hearle."

"Salsea Manor, I suppose you mean?" said the other, anticipating another application on behalf of the heir-at-law.

"No, sir, not Salsea Manor; this place *here*, Mr. Nooton—Nooton House estate, we call it."

"Whom do you mean by *we*?"

"Me and my client. Don't let me distress you, Mr. Hearle; but you—you once had a grandmother, I believe?"

"I suppose I had. Well?"

"Do you remember her name?"

"The same as my own."

"But her maiden name? Peniston, if I am not mistaken. Yes, Peniston."

"You seem to know all about it, Mr. Levison."

Mr. Levison bowed slightly, as much as to say yes, he did know all about it.

"Don't let me distress you," he went on. "It was from her that you, as a younger son, inherited this property—this nice little property?"

"Well, sir?"

"It is a long time ago, Mr. Hearle, and you may not recollect the precise wording, or, I should rather say, the conditions of the deed of settlement under which you succeeded to this estate. This is a copy of the clause to which I refer—'Provided always.'"

He placed a sheet of paper on the table, and inviting Mr. Earle to "perouse it," pointed to it line by line with his large yellow thumb.

Mr. Earle took the paper into his own hands and looked it hastily through. Levison watched him closely with his black piercing eyes while he did so. He marked the sudden flush which rose to his forehead, and the pallor which succeeded it: he saw also the trembling of his hands. Then turned away coughing.

Mr. Earle kept his eyes fixed upon the paper for some minutes. The clause "Provided always" was a short one, and though he had taken in the full meaning of it at the first glance, he read it through more than once. Yes; in spite of the maze of legal phraseology in which it was involved, the force and purport of it was, to Mr. Newton-Earle, who saw it not now for the first time, only too plain. He felt his heart stand still for an instant, and then begin again to beat tumultuously, as he read those words, "Provided always."

CHAPTER XXX.—"BETWEEN OURSELVES."

Who spits against Heaven, it falls in his face.

—*Jaculus Prudentum.*

"**P**ROVIDED always." These words were the beginning of a short but important clause in a deed of settlement, under which, as Levison had truly observed, Mr. Earle had become the owner of the Newton House estate. Mr. Earle had been aware of its existence, but neither he nor any one else had ever thought much about it, as the contingency upon which the clause depended for its effect did not seem likely ever to arrive. In course of years the settlement and this particular clause in it had been almost forgotten. If Mr. Newton-Earle had not been naturally of an anxious temperament and his nerves much shaken by recent events both at home and at Salsea, he would not perhaps have been so greatly disturbed by the production of this document even now.

The substance of the clause, stripped of its legal phraseology, was as follows.

That if at any time the younger son to whom this property was given should succeed to the inheritance of his elder brother, by the death of the latter without issue, then this younger son's portion was to be taken from him and given to another and more distant branch of the mother's family.

The consequence, as it flashed across Mr. Earle's mind in a moment, if this clause should be enforced, would be that he, Mr. Newton-Earle, would have the ruined estate and fallen-down mansion at Salsea for his inheritance; and that Newton House, with all the London property included in that description, would go to some one else.

A word of explanation may be necessary here to account for what might otherwise appear a strange "proviso" in the deed of settlement above mentioned.

Salsea Manor was at the time when that deed was made and that proviso inserted a valuable entailed estate, with a noble mansion and a large rent-roll. The elder son, succeeding to his father's inheritance, could not, it was supposed, want anything beyond it. It was an ample provision for him and his.

The Newton House property, on the other hand, consisted at the same period of only a few acres, from which but a small income was derived. A row of poor little cottages—weekly rents—with their little gardens behind and a bit of common waste ground in front, used for hanging out clothes and as a playground for dogs, cats, and children, formed, if we except the house itself and its paddock, the chief part of the property.

But in course of years, while the squire's estate at Salsea had depreciated in value till it brought in scarcely any clear revenue at all, this land in the neighbourhood of London had advanced at an almost fabulous rate, being eagerly taken up by enterprising contractors on building leases, which yielded high ground-rents. The squalid cottages and garden had disappeared, and Queen Anne mansions were rising on every side. Thus, from being one of the poorest localities about London, it bade fair to become one of the richest, if not the most aristocratic.

These two changes going on simultaneously, but in opposite directions—from rich to poor and from poor to wealthy—had given to the "Provided always" clause a meaning and importance which had been wholly unforeseen: and Mr. Newton-Earle found himself threatened with an exchange which, though at one time it might have been greatly to his advantage, meant at the present moment nothing less than ruin.

Reader, did you ever feel your heart melt in the midst of your body like wax? Did you ever experience a shock of nervous apprehension, causing the skin of your flesh to tingle and the scalp of your head to creep, as if it were being pricked all over with little pins? If so, you may understand something of Mr. Newton-Earle's sensations when he had read this "Provided always" clause through a second and third time, and a conviction of the consequences which it might probably involve had forced itself upon him.

"Where did you get this?" Mr. Earle asked, still keeping his eyes fixed upon Levison's "revolver."

Levison shrugged his shoulders and coughed. The question being repeated, he said, with an air of mystery,

"Ah, my dear sir, it is our business to find out things. We have our opportunities; it is our profession, just the same as it is yours to find out stars; it is the same thing exactly. We have our telescopes, our agents, as you have yours, and can see a lo'g way with them, a lo'g way. It is a science with us, my dear sir, as it is with you; just the same. Your late brother was a client of ours, one of our stars. We knew all about him, we

looked into him, we lent him money, and of course we had to examine his securities, his title-deeds, and all his reversionary prospects. Many of his documents are still in our possession. We know all about the estate, Mr. Hearle; we know all about it. But, after all, it don't signify where we get our information; there it is. You recognise the clause, I have no doubt—'Provided always.' You know where the original deed is to be seen, I have no doubt, and so do we. I am sorry to distress you, but—"

"But," said Mr. Earle, interrupting him and plucking up courage—"but there are other things to be considered besides this clause. Who is your client—the claimant of whom you speak?"

"I will produce him when necessary," Mr. Levison replied, and then gave way to a fit of coughing.

"What is his name?"

"All in good time, sir. You shall know his name quite soon enough, sir. The maternal ancestor to whom this property belonged had a sister."

"Very possibly."

"That sister married and had a daughter. She also married and had a son."

"She may have had a dozen for anything I know."

"No, sir, she had not a dozen. I do not wish to take an unfair advantage of you. She had a son, I say, and that son will be forthcoming whenever I think proper to produce him. I can put my finger on him whenever I want him. If he only knew what I know he would be down upon you in a moment; but he don't know it, not as yet. Mark my words, Mr. Newton, he don't know it, not as yet."

With that weighty utterance, delivered in a whisper, Mr. Levison placed his fat yellow finger on his lips, and after looking Mr. Earle steadily in the face for some moments, turned away suddenly and coughed.

Mr. Earle took advantage of the interruption to reflect. He knew nothing of any collateral branch of his mother's family, yet it was quite possible there might be some one surviving who could claim under the "Provided always" clause; but if so, why did Mr. Levison make a mystery of it? Might it not be that he, like Gabaud, was endeavouring to extort money from him? He plucked up courage and resolved, for the present at all events, to set him at defiance.

"Well, Mr. Levison," he said, "if you can find this claimant, this man without a name, do so. It will not make the slightest difference to me; for let me tell you that I am not, nor probably ever shall be, the owner of Salsea Manor. My brother, I am told, was married years ago in Paris, and has left an heir."

"Your brother married?" said Levison. "No, sir; I think you will find that to be a mistake. I knew your brother well."

"I have nothing more to say to you, Mr. Levison."

"Stop, sir!" cried the other, arresting him as he was about to ring the bell—"stop, if you please; I don't wish to distress you, as I said before."

"Well, sir?"

Mr. Levison again drew forth the pocket-book and began to select from it some slips of paper.

"Between ourselves, Mr. Hearle," he said, confidentially, "it don't signify anything at all to me who has the several properties, if only I can come by my own."

"Every one shall have his own, sir," Mr. Earle replied, fiercely; "whatever is right shall be done."

"Of course, sir; right is right; and that is all we want, isn't it?"

Mr. Levison stood still and leered at him, then winked slowly and knowingly.

"Come, Mr. Nooton-Hearle," he went on, "the whole thing lies in a nutshell—as yet. Let us understand each other. From all I have heard of you—and we make it our business, as I said before, to get information, without going quite so high as the stars for it—from all I have heard of you you are not the man to be troubled with any false scruples about religion and all that. You don't profess to be a church-going saint—"

"What have you to do with that, sir?"

"Well, nothing, of course. Let every man keep to his own persuasion. Only if you were one of the straight-laced sort I might be more particular in what I have to say; but as it is, why shouldn't we *arrange* this little matter, Mr. Hearle?"

"Arrange it?"

Mr. Earle felt the angry blood tingling in his veins. He thought of Gabaud, whom he had turned out of the house at Salsea. This man had come to him with a similar proposal.

"Yes," Mr. Levison repeated, quietly and coaxingly, with a sort of conscious *arcades ambo* voice and manner. "We know what we are about, you and me. Here's your late lamented brother's dishonoured bills; pay 'em, Mr. Hearle, and let's have done with it. It's all between you and me at present. Nobody need ever be the wiser if you'll say the word. Pay them and have done with it."

"You rascal!" cried Mr. Earle. "How dare you speak to me in this way?"

"Why shouldn't I? You are not like one of those pious parties—"

"Get out of my house this moment!"

"Think again, Mr. Hearle; don't do anything in a hurry. Take a day or two to consider of it."

"Get out of the house, I say!"

"If I do I shall come back to-morrow with the rightful owner of it. I know where to lay my finger on him."

"Find him, then. If there be such a person as you describe, which I don't believe, he has no claim here."

"We shall see all about that."

"My brother's son and heir—"

"Gammon! You know very well there is no brother's son."

"Go, sir."

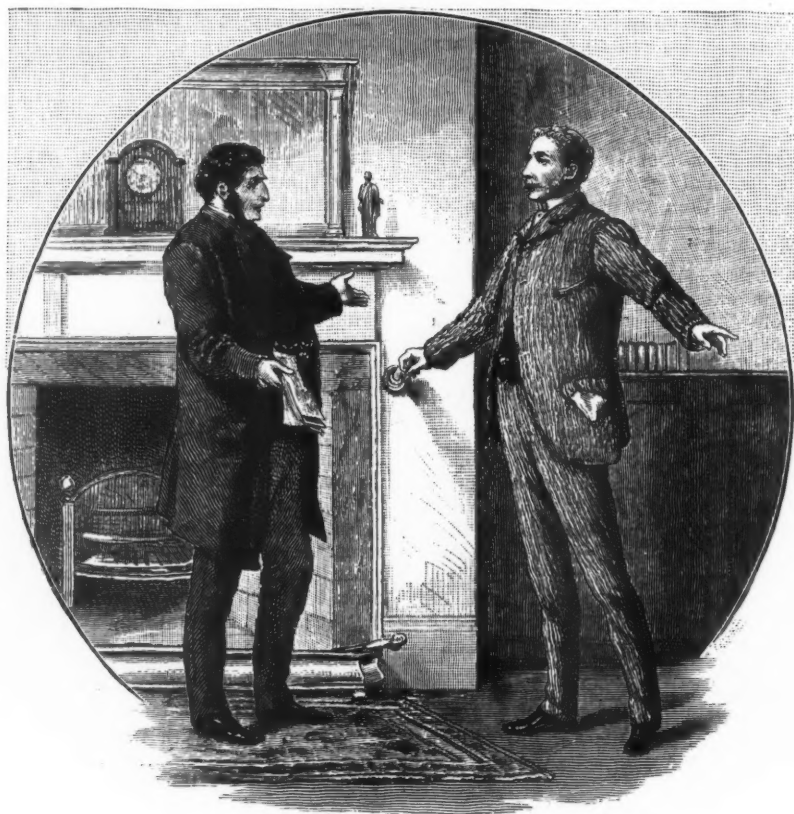
Mr. Earle pointed to the door.

"You will repent it," said Levison, gathering his papers together. Then with an altered tone, and with an air of great frankness, he added, "Come, Mr. Nooton-Hearle, let us be reasonable."

We understand each other, don't we? Think it over. You know where to find me; you can send for me, or call upon me, when you have made up your mind. You'll see it as I do, I am sure, after a bit. All you have got to do is to take up these dishonoured bills of your late brother—he was

seem had conspired together to insult Mr. Earle with infamous proposals.

Mr. Earle esteemed himself a man of honour; it had been his boast to show himself as upright and honourable, without the aid of religion, as the most sanctimonious of his neighbours could



"PAY 'EM AND HAVE DONE WITH IT."

your brother, you know, Mr. Hearle, your own flesh and blood—take up his dishonoured bills, and I shall never trouble you again, and nobody need ever be the wiser. I only want my due; pay me that and—"

Mr. Earle opened the door.

"I shan't do anything for a few days; I'll give you a few days to think it over."

"Go."

Levison went at last, and Mr. Earle closed the door behind him. Then he returned and paced moodily up and down the room in which the interview had taken place. There was a large pier-glass, which reflected his figure as he came and went, but he was too much engaged with his own thoughts to notice the angry expression of his features in the glass—the quivering of his lips, and the excited working of his hands and fingers. "I'll give you a few days to think about it," Levison had said. Gabaud's words over again! French and English, Gentile and Jew, it would

be, with all their church and chapel going. He had sometimes exulted in the insincerities or want of fair-dealing which he had observed—or thought he had—in those who professed to be religious. He did not want religion to keep him straight, he had been used to say. He had never defrauded any one, never injured any one, so far as he knew; he never left a debt unpaid or a service unrequited in his life. Why, then, should he suffer in his reputation as an honest man because he "openly and candidly" made known his opinions to the world? The very fact that he made no profession of a creed which some others held without being any the better for it ought, according to his ideas, to have given him an additional claim to be regarded as an upright character. Yet this fact had been openly advanced by this fellow Levison as a reason for approaching him with the most dishonourable proposals, and Gabaud had, no doubt, acted upon the same presumption. The latter had assumed that he would be willing to rob his

brother's son of the inheritance at Salsea; the former that he would defraud the next-of-kin on the mother's side, whoever that might be, of the property in London.

"Hypocrisy," it has been well said, "is the homage which vice pays to virtue." There is a homage also which ungodliness pays to religion. Not one of those "church-going or methody people," it appeared, would have been insulted by such advances as these two men had made to Mr. Earle. Those even who have no experience of the power of religion in their own hearts and lives can hardly fail to acknowledge and respect its fruits in others.

It seemed especially hard to Mr. Earle to be thus persecuted, as it were, for *unrighteousness*' sake, because he was just now less disposed than he had ever been to insist upon his privileges and superiority as a freethinker. Not only had he been less obtrusive of late in the assertion of his own opinions, he had shown himself also more tolerant of the convictions of others. The self-complacent sneer when sacred things were mentioned had not been indulged as formerly; the impatient gesture had been suppressed. He had even, on one memorable occasion, thanked God, without apologising for it afterwards as a hasty or accidental expression. He was laying out money upon schools in which religion was to be taught, and rebuilding the chancel of a village church, where not only his own dead ancestors lay buried, but where also the living voice of an earnest gospel-loving clergyman was listened to with profit by a simple-minded rustic congregation.

To be treated as if he were a knave on account of his irreligion was, under such circumstances, doubly exasperating.

On the other hand, if it should come to pass that the London property, which was the chief source of Mr. Earle's income, should be taken from him, the chancel-building would have to be stopped at once, and all those other plans and projects for doing a little good in the world which he had begun to contemplate as a consequence of the change—or rather modification—which his opinions had recently undergone, would have to be abandoned.

Mr. Earle continued musing for a long time after Levison's departure, first in anger at the man's proposal, but afterwards in grave perplexity and trouble at the great and serious loss which seemed to be impending.

To give up Newton House and all its revenues, and to take Salsea, the impoverished, ruined estate, with its fallen house, fit emblem of its fallen fortunes! The very thought of such a thing was madness. Yet such would be the inevitable effect of the "Provided always" clause if matters turned out as at present seemed probable. What could have possessed the woman (his great-grandmother) to make such a condition in a marriage settlement? The deed was seventy or eighty years old at least. Of course such consequences as these must have been entirely unforeseen. It was intended that the direct heir should have the larger property; yet this would make a pauper of him, or next to it, and that, too, after he had himself

augmented the value of the London estate by his own good management, while his brother had ruined Salsea by his extravagance and neglect. In common justice he ought to be allowed to take whichever estate he would. But there was *no choice* for him. Salsea or nothing—Salsea, whether he would or no. No choice! no choice! It was most cruel, most wrong, most heartrending.

He comforted himself a little with the thought that there were yet, as he had said to Levison, one or two possible loopholes of escape from this iniquitous clause. The first thing to be done was to find the brother's son of whom Gabaud had spoken. Adrien Brooke must go at once to Paris and leave no stone unturned in his search for the heir to Salsea. Gabaud had offered, for a bribe, to suppress this son and heir. Mr. Earle did not want to have any dealings with Gabaud; but it might be worth while to stimulate him with the promise of a reward if, instead of suppressing, he would produce him. There could be no dishonesty in that, Mr. Earle argued; it would only be paying an unprincipled man to promote an act of justice. Far from being of the nature of a bribe, it would be but a fair reward for well-doing.

But nothing could be done till Mr. Brooke should return from Salsea and go to Paris, as he had engaged to do, to look for, and if possible to find, the brother's son, who, by making good his claim to Salsea, would secure Mr. Earle in the possession of Newton House.

Mr. Earle sat down and wrote a hasty note to Mr. Herbert, begging him to give Adrien a hint to return as soon as possible to London, and desiring him at the same time to put a stop to the work at the chancel and the schools.

CHAPTER XXXI.—ALL IN THE DARK.

Now tell me the reason, I pray.—*Southey.*

ADRIEN BROOKE, returning to London the same day that Mr. Earle's letter to the vicar reached Salsea, was met at the gate of the little patch of garden in front of his lodging by Herr Pracht, who welcomed him with great warmth, and would probably have kissed him on the lips if the cabman had not thrown a portmantau upon his toes at a critical moment.

"And so," he said, when they were sitting in the middle of the room, knee to knee and face to face, Herr Pracht casting his eyes upon Adrien's countenance, "and so this great house that you have been to see has fallen down upon you and nearly killed you. You are looking pale and thin, my Adrien; and you are yet lame: you are still very unpass. What for houses are these in your land to fall upon their owners' heads—like the tree of Horace—

'caducum

In domini caput immerentis?'

If what I hear be true this will be a very bad inheritance for Mr. Earle in every way, a great loss gained: it will be his ruin."

"How so?" Adrien asked.

"There is another claimant lately come to light."

"True; but if Mr. Earle should lose Salsea it will not ruin him. He will be no worse off than he was before."

"But I am told," said Pracht, "that *this* property, this Newton House, is also claimed; with the observatory and all the houses round."

"Who told you that?"

"Digweed: it is no secret; his wife learns everything and tells everything. What for gossips your countrywomen are; my word!"

"There are gossips in every land. The house at Salsea may not belong to Mr. Newton; but it is of little value compared with his London property. I am going to Paris in a day or two to make inquiries about the claimant. You remember that day at Versailles at the *grands eaux*?"

"Remember! shall I ever forget? Poor boy! I did feel very sorry for you."

"You heard what was said?"

"By him—La Roche?"

"Yes; and by the other man, Noixdegalle?"

"No, my word! I did not pay attention to him."

Adrien said no more; it was evident that Herr Pracht remembered nothing that could be of any use to him.

"But I am told," said Pracht, "that Newton House also is to be claimed away?"

"Oh, no; you must be mistaken. Digweed has got hold of the wrong story. It is Salsea that the son will inherit if there be one; not Newton House."

"Both, I tell you," said Pracht. "Rumour says that the London property also is claimed. It will be a sad thing for our astronomer if he shall lose both estates together."

"There's no fear of that, I hope," said Adrien, and the conversation dropped.

Adrien lost no time in calling at Newton House. His first inquiries were for Marian. Mr. Earle answered him with coldness, Adrien thought, and began to speak at once about the property. He wanted to find the heir, his brother's son.

"If there be such a person," said Adrien.

"There is; I feel persuaded of it; there must be."

"Have you heard anything more?"

"About him? No; but—"

"But what?"

"Another circumstance has transpired which renders it of the utmost importance to me that I should have this question settled."

"May I ask—"

"No; it does not concern the subject which you have kindly undertaken to investigate, except that the heir *must be found*."

"Certainly, if he exist."

"And I want you to make sure of that fact. Where is Gabaud?"

"I have not seen him again."

"Nor I. We must find the heir, Mr. Brooke; we must find him."

"If—"

"If there be one, you would say again. There is—I hope, I trust, I am sure there is; you will

discover him. I will go myself to seek him, if necessary."

"I will do my best to get at the truth," said Adrien, surprised at the anxiety which Mr. Earle displayed to find an owner for the family property. "You naturally wish that every one should have his own."

"Yes; and keep his own. I should have liked to possess Salsea; I should have felt an interest in the land and the parish and everything, and so would Marian; but I do not want it now, after what has transpired."

"I am all in the dark," said Adrien, putting out his hand like one who gropes. "I do not understand you."

"This place, of course, is of so much more value, so very much better in every way; and Salsea would be nothing, a mere incumbrance, without it."

He paused, looking extremely miserable.

"This place will not fail you," said Adrien; "this house will not fall down. You are secure here."

"I hope so, indeed. No one can claim this; no one shall claim it. You will find my brother's son, Mr. Brooke; you will find him, I am sure, if you persevere. He shall have Salsea without any hindrance from me. He shall be welcome to Salsea, quite welcome to Salsea."

Adrien was too much disturbed and puzzled by what he had heard to remember to say anything about the schools and church at Salsea; it was evident that Mr. Earle had reasons of his own for being anxious, apart from the question of his inheritance there; he more than hinted, in the course of conversation, at other claims and difficulties distinct from those with which Adrien had been made acquainted. Possibly Mr. Earle might have taken him more fully into confidence, but Professor Nunn arrived to interrupt their *tête-à-tête*.

The professor also seemed depressed. He had been anxious for the purchase of a new telescope, and Mr. Earle had, before leaving London, given the order for it; but now this, like the building at Salsea, had been countermanded. He could not incur such expenses, he said, until the heir to Salsea was found.

"But if he never should be found?" the professor asked.

It was no use arguing. Mr. Earle seemed to be impressed with the conviction that nothing could be done while the Salsea property continued unclaimed. Not another shilling was to be expended there until the question of ownership was settled. That was intelligible enough; but why the same rule should apply to Newton House and to all the London property no one could understand.

Digweed alone, with his wife, professed to know all about it, and perhaps did. They said their master knewed what he was after; and they only hoped they would not all of them have good call to repent of the way things was turning out. Salsea was a poor exchange for Newton House, by what he had heard, let alone its being a heap of ruins and not safe to live in for fear of being washed into the sea.

"What did he mean by an exchange?" they asked him. "Ah, he knewed what he meant, and others would know before long." And shaking his head in a very wise and mysterious manner, he left his hearers to make what they could of his communication.

Marian was sent for at Adrien's request to say "good-bye," as he was to start for Paris on the following morning. She was reserved and anxious in her manner. Altogether Adrien did not find his visit to Newton House exhilarating. He could not understand Mr. Earle's evident desire to find an heir to the Salsea property, nor the dark hints of evils to follow if the heir should not be found, and he started on his journey to Paris the following day with his doubts on that subject still unsatisfied and his apprehensions unallayed.

CHAPTER XXXII.—PARIS REVISITED.

A wise, good man, contented to be poor.—*Crabbe*.

ONE of the first things that Adrien Brooke did on his arrival in Paris was to seek out his friend Vernier, of the Rue Jean-Jacques. The old concierge was at his post in his little bureau near the entry, looking not much more ancient than when Adrien had last seen him; but Vernier was gone. He had removed to a smaller room in a poorer quarter of the town, and there Adrien presently found him. His room, like the former one, was at the top of a high house, and his window looked out upon an open space, and was therefore favourable for his observations of the heavenly bodies.

Vernier was stooping over his work-bench near the window, very busy with some mechanical details connected with his trade of a clockmaker, when Adrien knocked at his door. He did not immediately look up, and when Adrien addressed him failed at first to recognise in the tall bearded man the young smooth-faced boy who had sought his company so many years ago. He bowed to him with great politeness, and begged to know what might be Monsieur's pleasure.

Adrien quickly made himself known, and the good man shed tears of joy in welcoming him. When our hero had time and opportunity to glance round the room he could not help observing that many tokens of its occupier's former prosperity were wanting. Vernier himself looked thin and aged and careworn. Yet he had lost none of his cheerfulness. He had been ill, he said, and out of work in consequence, but he had had many comforts in the midst of his trouble. Thérèse—Madame Grolleau, had been very kind to him. Thérèse was flourishing, and would be enchanted to see her *enfant*. "*Le petit*," she used to call him. That would be a misnomer now; and Vernier, as he made the remark, looked at Adrien's handsome face, on a level with his own as they stood *vis-à-vis*, with unaffected pleasure and admiration.

In answer to inquiries, Vernier informed him that La Roche had disappeared long ago, and no one knew what had become of him. He might have added that there were valid reasons for his

choosing to remain in obscurity. The "Tisonneur" had failed or been suppressed. Noixdegalle was heard of sometimes at the theatres, the races, and other places of amusement, reporting for the papers, as was supposed. Vernier had met him once or twice, but had not had anything to say to him.

"I must find him," Adrien said; "I have business with him."

Vernier's countenance fell. "I am sorry for that," he remarked, gently.

"Don't be afraid, Vernier. Noixdegalle can do me no harm."

"It is impossible to embrace pitch without being defiled."

"I am not going to embrace Noixdegalle. On the contrary, I am more likely to quarrel with him."

"One cannot even fight a chimney-sweep without carrying away of his soot."

"Is the fellow so very disreputable, then?"

Vernier shrugged his shoulders.

"You know the man," he said. "I am unwilling for you to have any dealings with him—a gambler, an atheist, a horse-racer—but that is a pastime of your own country. We have to thank England for our racecourses, if not for all that goes on there. Is it so very common a sport among you, my Adrien?"

"I never was on a racecourse in my life," Adrien replied, laughing. "I have as little sympathy with men of the Noixdegalle type as yourself, dear Vernier; but I want to see this fellow or to hear of him, nevertheless."

"Forgive me," said Vernier, grasping his hand; "you have perhaps an action against him. St. Dunstan did not hesitate, we are told, to lay hold upon the evil one himself, but only with a pair of tongs. He grasped him by the nose, so the legend tells. You must use tongs in your dealings with Noixdegalle; by tongs I mean an *avocat*."

"I must find my evil one first," said Adrien, laughing.

"Let me see; where did I last hear of him? It was but a few weeks ago. Ah, I remember; his name was in the journals; he was called as a witness in the case of an unfortunate Englishman who met with an accident on the racecourse at Longchamps, and died in consequence."

"A Mr. Earle?" said Adrien.

"I don't remember his name. There was an inquiry into the cause of the Englishman's death, and this man Noixdegalle was shown to be involved with him in betting, a companion of his dissipation, both bad alike; but of the dead one should say what is good, or else say nothing. Noixdegalle, however, is alive, and of him I fear there is no good to relate."

"I shall be able to find him, I dare say," said Adrien, "after what you have told me."

"Then I almost wish that I had held my tongue; but you must use the tongs, my dear Monsieur Adrien; you must employ an *avocat*. But come now; do you remember the old days, when you used to come early to my room and to drink a cup of coffee with me? There is no

coffee in England, I am told. See now, I will bring out my cafetière and light my little lamp, and we will have some good coffee for you very quickly."

"Don't take the trouble now," said Adrien.

Vernier looked up at him with a dubious expression. "Monsieur," he began, but said no more. It was hardly to be expected that the young "milord Anglais," for such Adrien might have been in Vernier's eyes, should eat and drink on the same familiar terms as formerly with the journeyman clockmaker. Adrien understood the doubt which was passing in Vernier's mind.

"And yet," he added, "if it is not giving you trouble I should enjoy a cup of your real French coffee so much, and please don't call me *monsieur*; remember old times."

Vernier's face brightened, and he went with an eager step to his little closet, from which the necessary apparatus was soon produced and the coffee made.

"The smell of it is delicious," Adrien said, as the steam began to rise out of the cafetière. "Excellent," he exclaimed, when it was poured out and he had tasted it. Vernier took a cup himself, and sipped it with the air of a connoisseur.

"Yes, it is good," he said. But still there was something, Adrien thought, that troubled him.

"It is quite true," said Adrien, "that we cannot make coffee in England. This *café noir*, after one has dined, is a luxury for which we must come to France."

"You like it *noir*?" said Vernier; "and you have dined? That is well. I had nothing to offer you, except—"

"And I require nothing," Adrien answered, quickly. But the question occurred to him whether the good man himself had dined that day.

"I have not much appetite," Vernier went on, as if to anticipate such an inquiry; "no appetite since my illness. Madame Grolleau has brought me little portions sometimes from her own cuisine. She has been very kind, very good, but I could not take much food. I am getting well, however, and have been at my work again, and that will do me more good than anything else. Work, occupation, employment, that has been appointed to us ever since the time when Adam delved and Eve span, a blessing in disguise. Yes, I shall soon get well now that I can apply myself once more to my daily work."

He looked towards his bench as he spoke, and sighed.

"You have a curious piece of machinery in hand there," said Adrien.

"Yes," he answered; "yes, and I am getting on with it now. I see my way at last, I think."

"What is it?"

"A new escapement—an improvement in horology."

"Your own invention?"

"Yes; it has occupied my spare time for months, years, and has cost me besides—ah, well! I cannot tell what it has cost me."

A hasty glance round the room spoke more

than words could have expressed, and Adrien began to understand the cause of poor Vernier's altered circumstances.

"The idea is good," said Vernier, "but there have been so many difficulties to meet and overcome, one after another, one after another; but I see my way at last, I hope."

"How does it act?" Adrien asked. "I know something about clocks, astronomical clocks especially."

"Astronomical, sidereal, the very thing," cried Vernier, with excitement; "that is my spécialité. A pendulum that cannot vary combined with an escapement that will act without in any way affecting its swing; self-compensating, absolutely correct, infallible, true as the movements of the earth and sun, in sympathy with both, working together upon the same impulse, do you see?"

Adrien smiled at the clockmaker's enthusiasm. "I hope it will succeed," he said.

"It must! it must!" said Vernier. "Look now at this—"

"No," said Adrien; "it is a secret, or ought to be, a secret from every one."

"That has been my difficulty," Vernier replied. "Even now, when the invention is complete, or nearly so, I shall perhaps, in making it known, lose all the credit of it, and all the profit too; it is often the case, very often."

"*Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores*," said Adrien to himself. "You must take out a patent, Vernier."

"Ah, yes! a patent; that will be necessary."

But he looked grave as he said it. A patent would cost money, and it was evident that Vernier had none. He insisted in explaining his invention to Adrien in confidence, and Adrien saw at once that the idea was original and good. He took notes of it in his mind, intending to think it over at his leisure, and to talk to Vernier again about it. Possibly he might be able to help him when he got back, in securing a patent for his invention. Mr. Earle would be sure to feel an interest in it, to say nothing of Professor Nunn—unless the former should give up the observatory, as he had talked of doing lately. He did not wish to excite hopes which might never be realised, so he changed the subject, and soon afterwards took his leave.

Adrien could not fail to observe that Vernier looked pinched and starved; he had evidently spent money upon his invention which could ill be spared, and had denied himself not only the comforts, but even the necessities, of life. He longed to be able to offer him assistance from his own purse, but that, he felt sure, would have pained the honest and industrious man. He resolved, however, to consult Thérèse as to what could be done for him, and on leaving Vernier bent his steps in the direction of the street in which Madame Grolleau resided.

The reception he met with from his old *bonne* was not a whit less hearty than from Vernier, except that on hearing that the clockmaker had been favoured with the first visit Madame Grolleau professed to be vehemently jealous. But she soon got over that in her delight at having "*le petit*"

in her arms again—and a pretty good armful she found him.

"See how he is grown!" she exclaimed, presenting him to her husband. "It is not to be believed! What a form! what a stature! Did you ever see such a growth? Answer me, then, Grolleau!"

Monsieur Grolleau, who was short and puffy, did not appear to take much interest in his wife's friend.

"You were always a great infant for your age," Thérèse went on, looking up at him with admiration. "Ah, yes! I recall to mind well how it made my arms ache to carry you. Do you remember that good joke which somebody made about the

they are of no value. There were letters belonging to your dear mother, and papers and trinkets and many other things which I would have saved for you, but La Roche took them all away, and would not let me keep them. Only these few trifles I was able to collect without his knowledge."

Trifles! Adrien's eyes overflowed as he turned over the contents of the bag. There were a few ornaments which had belonged to his late mother, some photographs, a book of daily texts, which had been well used, and several little relics of his own childhood, besides the "Grand Abbé" book. He was disappointed, however, to find no letters or papers in her handwriting



"SEE HOW HE IS GROWN!"

grand abbé? 'A. B.' were your initials, you know, as they are now—Adrien Brooke. Well, we used to call you the 'Grand Abbé.' Somebody wrote it in a book—a little picture-book that belonged to you—in this fashion: a capital A and a capital B, with little a's crowded together inside the big letters; that went to signify 'Grand Abbé plein d'a petits.' You remember? That was because you took your food so heartily, as I hope you do still, 'plein d'appétit.' I have the book yet among my treasures. You shall see it."

Madame Grolleau disappeared for a few moments and returned with a small leathern bag, from which she produced the picture-book in question, which Adrien remembered to have possessed when a child only three or four years old.

"It is your book," she said, "but I do not want to part with it; and these other things are all yours. I have preserved them for you, but, alas!

"La Roche took every scrap of paper he could lay his hand upon; he left nothing," said Thérèse; "and I have not seen him for years. No one knows where he is. I wrote to you at the time, and told you about him. I suppose you have never heard from him?"

No; Adrien knew nothing about him. The remittances which La Roche had engaged to send him had failed long ago; the man had made away with all his late wife's property, though it belonged of right to Adrien, and had kept out of sight ever since.

We need not describe at any length Adrien's doings in Paris. The result alone is of importance to our story. He had no difficulty in meeting with Noixdegalle, but could not obtain any positive information from him on the subject of Mr. Earle's marriage. It had been reported that Monsieur Auguste, as he was called, had formed

an alliance with a French lady; but Noixdegalle did not know whether there was any truth in the rumour. A certain church had been named in which the ceremony was supposed to have taken place, but no record of it was to be found there. Marriages could take place, however, without churches; the civil contract was the main thing; and there were registers to be inspected, both in the city and in certain provincial towns, to which Adrien journeyed for the purpose of prosecuting his inquiries. After spending many days in this manner, Adrien came to the conclusion that there had been no marriage. Gabaud must have invented his story with the sole object of extorting money.

Adrien wrote frequently to Mr. Earle, telling him of his proceedings and the results. He received letters from him almost daily, urging him to persevere with his efforts to find the son and heir, of whose existence he appeared to be more and more convinced, and to bring him with him to England. It was most important, Mr. Earle said in every letter, that the heir should be discovered. Adrien, however, having fully satisfied himself that no such person existed, and that it would be waste of time to remain longer in Paris, wrote to Mr. Earle to that effect, intending to follow his letter after a day or two to London. But before he could do that he received a visit from Noixdegalle.

"Well," the Frenchman said, "you have had no success, then? You have not obtained news of this marriage? You have not succeeded in discovering the son and heir of our late friend Auguste Earle."

"No," said Adrien, "I have not."

"You are returning to England, then?"

"Yes."

"Tell Mr. Newton-Earle that he shall hear from me soon."

"From you?"

"Yes, certainly; I have had letters from him. He has committed this investigation to me, and I have great hopes. I shall, I think, succeed. You may tell him so."

"But," said Adrien, "you have not been able to give me any help, and all my inquiries have failed."

"Nevertheless, we shall see. It will take time and money, of course; these things cannot be done without expense. You can leave the matter in my hands, and I shall do my best. After your departure I shall perhaps find out something. There is no smoke without fire."

"Do you mean," Adrien asked, "that Mr. Earle has commissioned you to find his supposed nephew, the heir to Salsea Manor?"

"From the moment that you abandon the search I take it up," said Noixdegalle. "That is Mr. Earle's wish."

"Then I abandon it at once."

"Good. I will then apply myself. I shall perhaps have better success than you have met with."

"How can that be? You gave me, or professed to give me, all the information, all the assistance in your power. You have told me more

than once that you had no further clue, and that you did not believe that anything more remained to be discovered."

"Nevertheless, I have reason now to believe that I shall find out—all that is required."

"That is to say, you will find an heir for Salsea."

"Just so."

"He will have to bring proofs and make good his title."

"There will be no difficulty about that."

"You think not?"

"I am sure of it. Mr. Earle is a man of honour; he will not dispute it. It rests with him alone, and he will not dispute it. You will see. Adrien, my friend, adieu."

Adrien let him go without another word, and he sat still for some time pondering on the strangeness of Mr. Earle's conduct. It seemed as if he were resolved to find a claimant for Salsea and, if there were any truth in what Noixdegalle had said, to accept the first pretender to the estate without question. Adrien had not yet heard anything of the claim set up by Levison to the Newton House property, which, it will be remembered, could only be met by finding another heir for the estate at Salsea. He was at a loss, therefore, to understand the great anxiety, amounting almost to determination, on Mr. Earle's part, to give up his claim to his late brother's entail.

He felt annoyed that, after all the trouble he had taken in the matter, it should be taken out of his hands and committed to an unscrupulous man like Noixdegalle. He could only suppose that the latter had made proposals to Mr. Earle with the view, as usual, of extorting money from him. He might possibly have obtained information for which he required payment, and had reckoned upon making a better bargain with Mr. Earle than with himself. Of one thing, however, Adrien Brooke felt sure—namely, that if the late Mr. Earle had been married he should himself have discovered proofs of it; if any such son and heir as they were in search of existed, the means he had taken to find him would almost certainly have brought him to the front.

That, however, mattered little to Noixdegalle. As long as he should continue the search, or pretend to do so, he would be well paid for his trouble. He would succeed in getting money out of Mr. Earle whether he succeeded in the object of his inquiry or not. And it would serve Mr. Earle right to be thus imposed upon. It was only one more example of the proverb so generally true, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Another aspect of the question presented itself. Noixdegalle was utterly unscrupulous. The account which Vernier had given of him was even worse than Adrien, who had known him of old, would have expected. If, then, an heir was so much desired, might not an heir be found? The Salsea property seemed to be going a-begging. Why Mr. Newton should be so anxious to get rid of it since the last landslip Adrien could not conceive. The estate was not of much value just at the present time; but it was a strange thing to find the apparent owner of an extensive tract of

land so anxious to get rid of it. Monsieur Gabaud had offered in plain terms to suppress the heir, or at least to leave him in ignorance of his inheritance. Might not Noixdegalle be induced, from motives of self-interest, to produce an heir, and to manufacture proofs of his identity, though no real heir should be in existence? Of course Mr. Earle would not willingly be a party to such an imposition, but he was evidently prepared to believe anything that Noixdegalle might assert, and would not look closely into evidence which jumped with his desire. Yet why should he desire it?

The whole thing was a mystery, and the

only resolve that Adrien could come to was to wash his hands of the entire business, and return home at once. Vernier's remarks had proved only too true. No one can touch pitch without being defiled; and even to fight with a chimney-sweep is to carry away some of his black.

The next day Adrien paid a farewell visit to Thérèse, leaving a small sum of money in her hands, which was to be used, at her discretion, and in whatever way she could manage it, for Vernier's benefit, took leave also of the worthy clockmaker, spent an hour at the cemetery, visiting once more his mother's tomb, and then took the evening train for London.

THE LONGEST DAY.

SUPERLATIVES, definite as they may seem, can seldom fix a standard for anything, because there is little on earth which can be regarded save from an individual standpoint; and even astronomers have learned that they must allow for "the personal equation." So when we talk of "the longest day," do we mean the longest day in narrow London streets, or on the broad moors of the north, or in the Arctic circle, where the sun descends little more than its own diameter below the horizon, and scarcely sets ere it rises again?

We can remember a certain midsummer night in Sutherland, when two friends went out together among the bracken and the heather, with the object of paying a kindly visit to an aged woman who lived in a solitary hut, and enjoyed, or rather suffered, the unenviable reputation of being a witch. On their homeward way they were to call at the house of another friend to exchange some of those useful little tokens of neighbourliness and goodwill which are apt to pass among temporary sojourners in out-of-the-way places. There seemed no reason for haste—

"The sun above the mountain's head
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields had spread,
His first sweet evening yellow."

They turned aside to search for dainty fern or rare wild flower, or to pick their way through the bog and gather the wild cotton which always grew so temptingly in the wettest places. They did not tear themselves with any undue haste from the old Highland woman, whose life, passed in awful solitude—with no companion save an idiot son and a black dog—had not quenched the fire of her eyes nor silenced the eloquence of her tongue. And then they sauntered home, talking over many things and lifting up their eyes to the hills, and watching the landscape growing richer rather than darker, and quite unaware of the real progress of time, till the friend, waiting at her gate for their promised coming, greeted them with

the bantering welcome, "Well, ladies, do you pay afternoon calls at nearly eleven o'clock at night?" an inquiry which roused them to the true state of things, and sent them hurrying home to read their evening psalm and partake of their evening meal in a sweet twilight which had in it almost as much of dawn as of sunset!

Is not such an evening as that, passing only from beauty to beauty by insensible gradation, a fit and lovely type of a long and blessed life, such as might be far more common than it is, if the world would only set itself into the service of that Master who delights to keep His best things to the last?

The poets have always had an eye for the glory of old age. Solomon lays the true foundation of its reverence and grace in his declaration—

"The hoary head is a crown of beauty
When it is found in the way of righteousness."

Shakespeare has told us that its rightful accompaniments are "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;" while Edmund Waller has sung, in most melodious numbers, which always have a special pathos for us, because we once found them copied in the tremulous handwriting of one who had just realised their truth, before he crossed "the threshold," that

"The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more;
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things too certain to be lost;
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes."

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new."

And a sweet singer of modern days, the Quaker

poet Whittier, still spared to rest on the earthward side of life's misty summit, has given us his own feelings in the verses he calls "My Triumph:"

"The autumn time has come;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear!

And present gratitude
Insures the future's good,
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be:

That in the paths untrod,
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led,
My heart be comforted.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me,
A glory shines before me;
I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward."

The Hebrew prophets found the figures of "the old men and the old women, with their staves in their hands for very age," as prominent in their visions of peace and prosperity as those of "the boys and girls playing in the streets;" and nobody can realise the force and beauty of this touch so well as they can who have dwelt in rough, new communities, whose ways of life are unfit and impossible for any but the hale and strong. In the ideal household there must be a dear grannie knitting beside the fire, as well as a sweet baby sleeping in the cradle.

How interesting and valuable old people often are, and always might be! For them the past is still living, and they can make it live for us. The writer remembers, in early youth, sitting entranced by the conversation of an aged lady, whose girlhood had passed in the sedan-chair period, who had danced a Highland reel with Lord Clyde when he was a boy, and who had personal reminiscences of the Luddite riots, and of Queen Caroline's trial. A lively old lady she was, retaining a quite uncommon share of the vivacity—almost of the *diablerie*—of youth, and perhaps a little prone to obey Solomon's injunction "to answer fools according to their folly"! But nobody could grudge her the little weapons of repartee which had perhaps served her many good turns in the long and hard struggle of a woman, gently born and bred, with dire loneliness and poverty. For while she kept up some visiting acquaintance with noble and powerful houses, in which her birth had made her an equal, she secretly lived in one room over a dairy at Kensington, and repelled an ignorant landlady's insolent familiarity by the judicious display of rare old lace and a

Turkey rug! Her available means could not have exceeded five-and-twenty pounds a year, and by the days of her old age money was worth little more than it is now. Yet her tiny figure was always presentable, and though there might be scarcely an inch of her lace without a darn, or a yard of her black silk which was not riddled by minute holes, and though the parasol on which she leaned would not bear to be unfurled, yet she looked always as she was—a lady. A brave, pathetic little figure in such a world as this is! And with her lively eyes and snowy hair she would have made a striking picture in a gallery of studies of old age.

And why should there not be such a gallery? for the greatest painters of all times and countries have loved to dwell on the dignity and venerableness of years, on their mellow experience and sublime patience, though of course they have not spared other aspects of sordid decay and decrepitude. Such a gallery would have a far deeper and wider interest than any gallery of mere Court beauties, or even of Victoria-Cross heroes. For the patriarchs who "have still remembered how to smile" are the conquerors in that hardest struggle of all—the conflict in which we must each win or lose—the battle of life. Ruskin tells all visitors to the National Gallery to go and look at an exquisite portrait of a certain aged doge, and to ask themselves what must the life have been which resulted in that aspect of calm penetration, mild benevolence, and spiritual refinement, the flesh seeming only required to make the beautiful soul visible to human eyes. A great writer of to-day has said that the beauty of youth is but a heritage, of which it may or may not prove worthy. But the beauty of age is its own. Yet when we see a noble old man or a lovely old lady we are apt to whisper, "What must they have been when they were young?" It is a fallacy. Perhaps they were plain until their faces became a record of high thoughts and gentle deeds. Sometimes, when portraits exist, taken in youth, it is possible to verify this absolutely.

Old age is the sum total of human life. It reveals whether youth has been active and honest, observant of eye, and keen of sympathy. The old age of an indolent, apathetic person has but the value of an old blank book—that probably its binding was strong! The aged have seen the end of many life-stories; they can read personal histories from generation to generation, and from the pedestal of the past they gather power to foresee the future, and to utter the warnings of wisdom. Such an one was given forth by an energetic old lady in the words, "Take care what you wish, my dear; beware of your very prayers. For from all I have seen wishes always come true, and prayers are generally granted." Age has few of the doubts and despairs of youth. Its philosophy is apt to be optimistic. "I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." The Psalmist could not have said so when he was young. He could not yet say that he had never seen the righteous sadly fearing to be forsaken, or requiring to toil very sorely for



THE LONGEST DAY.

very hard bread! He would not even deny that there might still be exceptions to his cheerful rule; he could but say that he laid it down as the result of a fairly wide experience!

The one shadow often cast on a good old age

is a sense of uselessness. The fading eyes fill with slow tears to feel that the failing feet can no longer run on errands of mercy, that the feeble hands can render no more loving service, sometimes that the faltering tongue can scarcely find

the words of comfort or guidance it seeks to utter. But the best action of a good old age is actually its peaceful and cheerful rest. We do not want the old folks to do, but to be. Surely it is the very will of God that His servants, who have borne the burden and heat of the longest day, should rest a while in green pastures before they are called to service in another sphere. Life should scarcely be like those cruel taskmasters who will not spare the worn-out horse till it drops down dead in the shafts.

There is a great deal said about "dying in harness." Perhaps everybody would like to do so for his own sake. But ought we to be more selfish on this point than on others? If we have delighted to serve the old age of those who have gone before us, or the infancy of those who are coming after, shall we grudge that the latter shall have a turn of serving us? To grudge this is to show an even worse spirit than that of those Pharisees of whom Jesus said that they would neither enter the kingdom of God themselves, nor suffer that others should do so. For this is indeed to wish to go in oneself and to try to shut the door in the faces of those pressing after!

It is very sad, if there be truth in what we often hear, that age is less venerated than it used to be. We do not believe it. We think that the unwise relaxation sometimes accorded to rash young tongues may give some colour to the assertion, and that the freedom of modern speculation has permitted the public discussion of even such subjects as "euthanasia." We know that age must be venerable to be venerated, and that sometimes aged hands may lie as cold and heavy on the heart and will of young lives as the famous "dead hand" with which at last law was obliged to interfere. Even the Chinese admit this, though they are as a nation inclined to the extreme of reverence for the ancient. Their great philosopher, Confucius, strives to draw the line between filial duty and abject slavishness, saying, "In serving his parents a son may remonstrate with them, but gently. When he sees that they do not incline to follow his advice, he shows an increased degree of reverence, *but does not abandon his purpose.*" The old have no more right to fetter and slay the souls of their full-grown children than they would have had to starve or smother their bodies in infancy. But cases such as these form but a small item in the sum of human experience compared with those in which old men or old women are left, well cared for, perhaps, but unconvinced by any kind little attentions, that they are not a burden or a trial, but a blessing and an honour. It is as much our duty to bear cheerily with the weariness and weakness of age, as with the helplessness or fretfulness of infancy. Such duty should not be allowed to present itself as a trial, but as part of the wholesome and harmonious discipline of life. Nobody is so pathetically grateful for kindness as are the old; yet are they sometimes neglected by those who are full of solicitude for the sick, the stranger, or the sorrowful. And yet to be merely old is really to deserve the sympathy which is extended to all these claims. The physical life of

even the healthiest old age is never a pure pleasure. "The grasshopper" is always more or less of "a burden." Long hours of inaction will sometimes grow wearisome, even to the mind most full of brave resource. Those dearest to the heart are gone out of its sight, the friends of to-day are not the friends of its days of strength and labour, of passionate love, and fervent aspiration. There is no loneliness like that of the aged. Every old man lives on his own Patmos. The thoughts of the old are not as our thoughts. Their happiest earthly life is in the remembrance of a world we never knew. We sit by their side, we hold their hand, and look into their eyes, but their minds are filled by images unknown to us, and their hearts thrill with feelings into which we cannot enter. As we advance in middle life we know something of it, and every year will teach us more. It is a touching picture, that of a young full life standing by the side of a fading life, which must perforce keep its own secret, despite every yearning confidence. It can be scarcely better drawn than in the verses:

"Why do you grow so silent
As we sit together here,
Watching the fading twilight
And the young moon shining clear?"

Why do you grow so silent?
But I thought I heard you sigh—
'Dear, I am only thinking
Of an autumn long gone by.'

Only remembering a sunset
Which I watched long, long ago
Only remembering a moonrise
Over hills you do not know.'

We can never show the old a greater kindness than by showing any sign that the vanished past is still cherished on the earth, if not for its own sake, then for theirs. There comes a time of life and experience when one's Christian name, added to one's surname in an inscription on a gift, thrills one as no title of honour could, and when the mere remembrance of one's birthday by a friend seems the best pledge that it may have "many happy returns." And if aged hearts warm beneath such courtesies, how do they glow when it is the birthday of a dear child, dead perhaps for more than half a century, or the wedding day with a partner none now living ever knew, which is remembered with tenderness and blessing! Let us be careful of such matters. Let us love the aged as much as ever they will let us. Even those of them who cannot be said to have borne the burden and heat of the day, have at least been through them; and it is not for those who are putting on their armour to judge too harshly of those who are putting it off. Nor is it for the young squire, amid all his luxuries, to preach anti-tobacco lectures to poor old Joe, stiff with rheumatism, hanging over a dying fire in his damp cottage, or basking on a hard bench by the workhouse wall. Rank and wealth do not

reverse the great natural relations of youth and age.

Those saddest days may come at last, when the mind totters on its throne, and reason gradually withdraws from the mechanism she can no longer use. Even there a rare triumph is reserved for some, as for one dear old friend who, when she heard her grandchildren's eager discussions on ethics and politics, and detected glances which seemed seeking her opinion, would say, "Ah, my dears, I don't feel quite equal to following that into all its ins and outs, so I won't venture to say anything about it." In her case the soul gleamed triumphant apart from decay, simply declining to use the tools which could no longer do real work. She must indeed have been a right-minded and impartial woman all her days, to have attained such

knowledge of our ever-shifting "personal equation."

"But be the day never so long,
Still it weareth to even song."

The twilight must come at last. The mourners shall go about the streets in the end, even for the oldest of us. The burden of the flesh shall be laid down. The old man or the old woman shall rise up and go out, leaving the empty place behind them. And then they shall find the Past in the Future, and the wisdom, and tenderness, and patience learned in their quiet waiting shall be the blood, and the strength, and the beauty of their immortal youth.

"With long life will I satisfy him," and—then—
"show him My salvation."

THE LIBRARY OF A LADY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the dining-room of a house that I know well there hangs over the chimney-piece the portrait of a lady, painted by Sir Peter Lely. She is not pretty, but she has a kind, homely face, quite unlike many of the ladies that Sir Peter used to paint. She is dressed in pearly satin, with a red scarf floating from her shoulders. As to her name, I will only repeat what Ben Jonson wrote in his "Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.":

"One name was Elizabeth,
The other let it sleep with death."

There has always been the tradition concerning our Elizabeth that she was an excellent woman,—a good wife and a kind mother. She lies buried in the little country churchyard, and there is a monument to her memory within the church, which stands in a sheltered hollow in the windy fields, overlooking a great sweep of bare, open country. There is a ring of brown beech-trees, where the rooks build, and a low stone wall at the edge of the graveyard; and here, in the spring, blossom the first celandines and sweet white violets. And there is also one bushy yew-tree standing up in the midst of the green beds of the sleeping people. How many sweet hopes, and weary burthens, and disappointed hearts lie there? We shall never know; and, indeed, it is only when we ourselves have seen the brown trench opened, and heard the sound of the sharp stones and heavy earth falling on the coffin that holds one we loved, that we learn how much of our own lives and hearts may be buried in those graves.

In the library of the manor-house there are still to be seen Elizabeth's books, and in each she has inscribed her name in her large and rather tremulous handwriting. First of all there is her Bible, which has a dishevelled Magdalen and a weeping willow embroidered in tarnished gold and silver-thread on the cover. On the fly-leaf she has

written the date of her marriage, and the dates of the births of her children. And then, lower down—and this time, poor lady! in very faint, blurred writing—the record of the death of the youngest infant "of Convolsian Fitts." There are the Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, which have been so long superseded by those of Tate and Brady; and next to Sternhold and Hopkins we have a Church of England Prayer-book "done" into Portuguese, which clearly shows us that Elizabeth was a woman of fashion, and had learnt the language of Catherine of Braganza. And then follow a row of little, shabby, well-worn books, here and there with passages marked, and with leaves turned down at places to which, no doubt, the dear lady loved to recur. In "Death made Comfortable, or the Way to Dye Well," the page which contains the "Prayer on the Death of a Child" is dog-eared and worn with much using. One can almost fancy one sees the marks of tears on the dim yellow paper. The prayer is expressed quaintly enough, yet there is something touching in the plain, homely words: "O! Almighty Father, thou art pleased now to turn my joys into Sorrows, and to take away from me that sweet Babe, which thou lately gavest me for my Delight and Comfort. But I humbly Bow my Self to bear it patiently and without murmuring because it is thy Doing. Thou hast sent this poor little Child into the World, O! Lord, to see and to taste Life, but hast not allowed it to stay till it Could rightly understand the end and business, or relish the Comforts and Satisfaction thereof."

Then follow the simple consolations: "If it Stayed not here to enjoy Pleasure; soe neither did it Stay to be pined away with Sorrow and Care. It lived not long enough to be versed in all the Vexations of our State, nor to run thro that Great variety of miseries and misfortunes, which are incident here to our Nature, But went off before it had time to trye how much Evil is to be Endured in this Life; yea before it was come, to

aggravate any afflictions by imagination, or to anticipate the same by Fear, or to reflect in bitterness of Spirit, and lay to heart what it did endure."

The next prayer in the little book is for one who "is made childless," and it ends with the words: "Tho among Men I am quite forgotten, yet let me be Graciously remembered, and received by thee when thou reckonest and callest over the Number of thy Children, for my Dear Lord and Saviour's sake." There are prayers for every possible person in every possible condition, with obliging notes in the margin, advising us in certain cases to omit "the words within the books," and to put "we for they, ours for theirs, are for am, etc." And there is a preface which contains "Directions for an Holy and an Happy Death," in which it recommends ministers to see that their "Discourses also be Savoury," so that the dying man may be "stored with matter for devout thoughts and Ejaculations."

The next book upon the shelf is "The Heart's Ease, or, a Remedy against all troubles, with a Consolatory Discourse to prevent Immoderate Grief." It advocates what we might call drastic treatment; some of the advice for modifying grief is really alarming. "When thy mind is troubled," says Dr. Symon Fitzpatrick, "and whines and cries for such and such a bauble, do with it as we do with children when they cry they know not for what, affright it with the representation of some terrible thing; shew it the pains of Hell, ask it how it likes to burn in eternal flames, and whether it can be contented to be damned. Let it see there is something indeed to cry for, if it cannot be quiet; and bid it tell thee if it be an easie thing to dwell with everlasting burnings. And when it starts at the thought of them, bid it be quiet then. And well pleased, if it can flye from such a misery, whatsoever else it can endure."

I doubt whether this receipt for Heart's Ease has ever given much comfort to any one. There is, however, one story in the book which is pretty. It is quoted from Holcoth. A learned man was found dead in his study, leaning over a book that lay before him, with his hand on the open page. The friend who first entered the room was nearly broken-hearted at the sight; but when he looked closer, and read the verse on which the dead man's hand still rested, he was greatly comforted. For these were the words: "Though the just be prevented with death, yet shall he be in rest."

"The Happy Ascetick, or the Best Exercise," by Anthony Horneck (preacher at the Savoy), is a fair-sized volume, with a frontispiece representing a set of peculiarly-dressed men toiling in a still more peculiar vineyard, which slants, regardless of perspective, up the page. This book contains an exercise of pious ejaculations for all occasions, which has a certain simple grace of its own, and from which I will quote here and there a sentence: "When thou hearest the Clock strike, let thy Mind immediately mount up to Heaven, and say, *Lord, go teach us to number our Days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom: When thou art dressing thyself, Cloth my soul with salvation, and deck me with white raiments.* When going by

Water, *O satisfie my Soul with the Fatness of thy House, and make me to drink of the River of thy Pleasures.* When receiving any injury or ill language, *Sweet Jesu, Give me Grace to follow thy example, and to tread in thy steps, who being reviled, didst not revile again.* . . . When seeing snow, *Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.* When seeing it Rain, *O visit me with the former and latter rain of thy favour."*

There are some curious stories of the saints introduced into this book, and at the end of the "Happy Ascetick" there follows a "Letter to a Person of Quality on the Early Christians." The practice of Papias is commended,—he who was "mighty enquisitive what Andrew, what Philip, what Peter, what James, what John, and what the rest of the Apostles of our Lord had done." There is the story of one Maria Ægyptica, "who had nothing to Feed upon for seventeen years together;" and of a certain John, "who was supported without Food ten years." Yet we are told not to believe these tales too implicitly; nor are we to try to "tread in the steps of these gyants in Fasting." We are given the pretty story of St. Paula, who resisted many sore temptations, and who, when her husband (the Beloved Toxotius) died, was inclined to despair, yet "checkt the ill-suggestion." She it was who was charged with madness, and was greatly tempted to give her accusers back "unhandsome Language," yet restrained her tongue, remembering for Whose sake she suffered such injuries. We may smile at the simplicity of these things, but can we mend their piety? "Ah! how duskish are my thoughts in this house of Clay!" says the quaint old writer of the "Christian Sacrifice;" and each generation gropes, after its own fashion, through the dim twilight, and up the dark steps that lead to the Eternal Father, seeking, "if haply they might feel after Him and find Him."

The last book on the shelf is one which Elizabeth must have been given only a year or two before her death. It is the "Dictionaire Æconomique, or the Family Dictionary, Done into English." It is full of information on household matters, and gives us a great many interesting hints. For example, under the heading of Age, we are favoured with a number of receipts for prolonging life. We are advised to drink of some decoction "two handsome glasses every morning fasting," in which case we shall reach a great age. We are told what to do when a certain "distemper" attacks our hens and makes them appear "pensive and melancholick." We can learn here how to make "Apricock Wine," and how to cure asthma by "taking a handful of common wood-lice," wrapping them in a cloth, and steeping them in a pint of white wine, which is afterwards to be given to the patient to drink. A child with the whooping-cough should wear round its neck the root of garden flag newly gathered; for epilepsy the sick person is recommended to wear a girdle of wolf's skin, or to hang round his throat some mistletoe from an oak, some coral, or an emerald, or the "Forehead Bone of an Ass." "A ring made of the foot of an

Elk, worn upon the fourth Finger, not only cures the Falling Sickness, but also Convulsions, and all Contractions of the Nerves."

There are also "Cosmeticks, Ornaments, or Washes for the Fair Sex," among which we find receipts for "an unguent that brings the skin to exquisite beauty," and for an "admirable Cosmetick to make a pleasing ruddy complexion." To take wrinkles out of the face "anoint with oil of myrrh, and cover over with a waxed cloth." And for those who lose their memory there is a great deal of good advice. You are to rub your temples with castor-oil, or to drink marigold and sage pounded and infused in white wine. "A secret to obtain a good memory is to take a swallow's heart," mixed with various other things, and eat a piece "as big as a nut" every morning for a month. And our Dictionary adds, "You may carry about you the Wing of a Hoop or Lapwing, the Tooth of a Badger, or his left Paw with the Nails on; though there are those who think these are trifling things."

We are also supplied with cooking receipts, and recipes for cordials and home-made wines. I have just come upon one of the latter, which I hear is still made abroad, and is quite excellent.

very superior to our English elderberry wine as a remedy for colds and coughs:—

"ELDER FLOWER WINE."

Thirty pounds single loaf sugar to twelve gallons of water. Boil till two gallons be wasted, "scumming it well" the while. Let it stand till it "be as cool as Wort." Then add two or three spoonfuls of yeast, and when it works add two quarts of elder-blossom, picked from the stalks. Stir every day until it has ceased working, which will be in five or six days. Strain it and put it into a vessel. Tie it down, and let it stand two months. Then bottle it.

Such are the books that compose the library of a lady of the seventeenth century. The choice of books is small, nor are any of them remarkable as works of literature. Yet they sufficed Elizabeth, and it may be that though she read little she thought all the more. And for us, too, these superannuated books have a value if they serve to lift, be it ever so little, the veil that shrouds the daily life of two hundred years ago.

ANNE FELLOWES.

From a Town Window.

THE sun has barred the narrow street
With dusky gleams of gold,
And in the blackened garden-plots
A few poor leaves unfold;
And floating, drifting everywhere,
The breath of flowers is on the air.

Bronze wall-flowers with their velvet bloom,
Green musk upon the window-sills,
Baskets of daisies, white and red,
Pale primroses and daffodils;
Visions of springtide floating by
Heralded by a hawk's cry!

What dreams the flower-cups enfold
Within their fragrant leaves,
Of meadow-ways grown fair with Spring,
Soft mists that April weaves;
And cottage gardens where the scent
Of flowers is with the wood-smoke blent.

The ceaseless ripple of the brook,
Babbling against the broken arch,
The little firwood's tasselled spires,
The cloud of verdure on the larch;
The gold-green glimmer of the woods
Where tender twilight always broods.

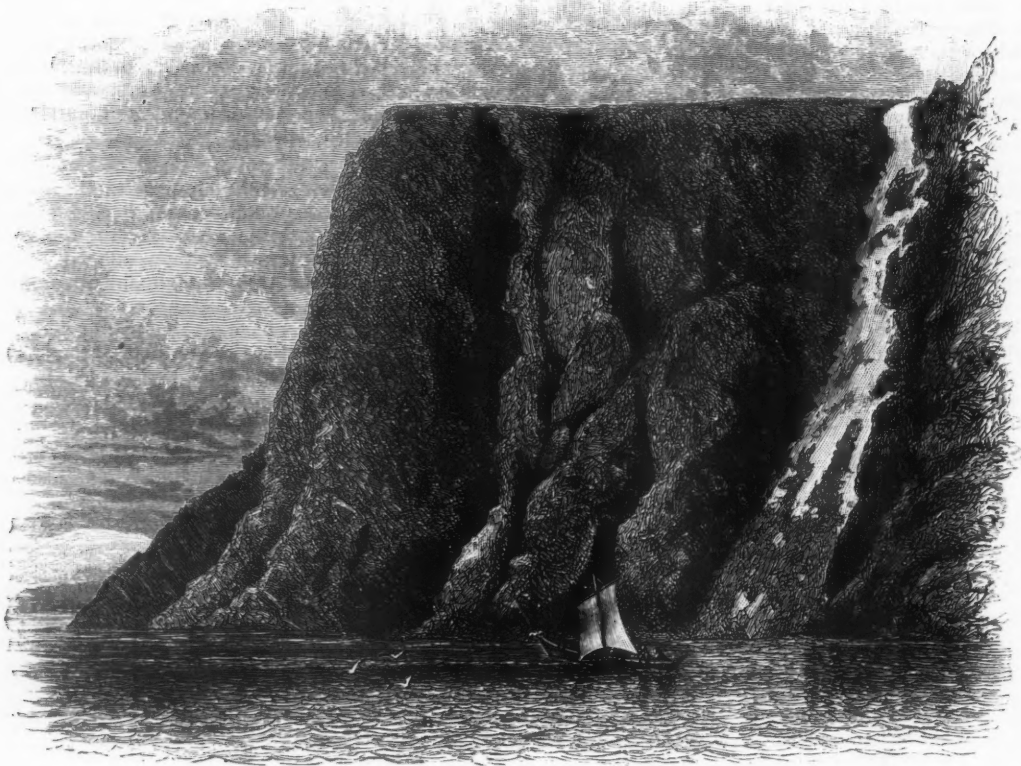
A dream foregone! a light effaced
From dwellers in this narrow street,
Tho' even here the Spring recalls
Old days and memories bitter sweet;
Not ours the rapture of the birds,
The mute content of flocks and herds!

Not ours the peace of woods and hills,
The larger air of heath and down;
But lessened light and narrowed space,
The ceaseless clamour of the town;
Yet stronger souls and clearer eyes
To penetrate life's mysteries.

And surely ours the greater gain
To front the fight and feel the stress;
To hold our place amongst the crowd
Who towards the heights of knowledge press;
Content to know ourselves a part
Of the great city's throbbing heart!

C. BROOKE.

SUMMER DAYS IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.



THE NORTH CAPE.

[From a Photograph.]

MUCH of the most beautiful coast scenery of Europe lies within the Arctic circle, a region popularly more suggestive of furs, fogs, and icebergs than of the softly languorous breezes, open ports, and awning flirtations that in reality characterise a midsummer cruise off the island-belted shores of North-Western Norway. There countless snowy peaks and glittering glaciers, emerald slopes and sterile escarpments, form a distant background of varied beauty, or rise abruptly from and closely overhang the narrower fiords, in whose clear green waters they are often mirrored with perfect fidelity. Myriad islets block the navigable channel, and weird rock masses dominate the wider expanses of an ocean which sometimes yields the delusive mirage in that strange atmosphere of ever changeful colour and perpetual light.

A sun which does not set and a rainbow at mid-night are familiar meteorological phenomena of

that interesting coast during the summer solstice, when, owing to the inclination of the earth on its axis, the northern hemisphere is turned so much more towards the sun that it can never sink below the horizon in latitudes north of the Arctic circle ($66^{\circ} 33'$). Occasional fog arising from the beneficent waters of the Gulf Stream, the cause of the mild climate of these latitudes—considerably north of Iceland—is the only possible climatal drawback. In its absence the fourteen hundred miles sail from Trondhjem through the Lofoten and Vesteraalen to the bird-haunted Svaerholt and back to harbour, is a novel and delightful experience, affording all the benefits of a sea cruise without the frequently attendant discomforts and monotony at a small proportionate expenditure of time, money, or physical effort. Under the favourable arrangements inaugurated during the past season by the amalgamated "Bergenske and Nordenfjeldske" companies, the trip can now be

luxuriously accomplished in eight days for £12 (220 kronor) by either of the two fine steamers specially designed for these summer tourist voyages off the coasts of Nordland and Finmarken, and destined to run every fortnight in the winter between Hamburg and Hammerfest.

The Nordstjernen (North Star), built at Rogstock in Germany, is the finest ship in the Scandinavian coast service. She is 320 feet long and 26 feet beam, well fitted throughout, and as spacious as an ordinary "Cunarder." A sister ship, the Sverre Sigurdsen, named after one of the Norwegian kings, is of somewhat smaller dimensions. During the season of the midnight sun freight is a secondary consideration, and is loaded and discharged only at the three chief ports of Bödo, Tromsø, and Hammerfest. Instead of making over fifty ordinary stoppages, the passengers are landed in the excellent ship's boats manned by officers and crew at spots of scenic interest not usually touched at, to wander at will over mountain, valley, or glacier, visit the most northern town in the world, the Norway Lapps at home, or clamber up the perpendicular flower-strewn walls of the grim North Cape to view from the standpoint of that dreary elevated plateau a wide expanse of open Polar ocean.

It was broad daylight at 10 p.m. on June 21st, when the Nordstjernen, gaily decked with flags, left Trondhjem harbour with a mixed complement of forty first-class passengers, English, American, and Germans predominating, for her first trip to the Cape and back. An hour later she was successfully photographed in the clear light which bathed the regular outlines of the soft hills enclosing the calm waters of the beautiful Trondhjem fiord. Then, as throughout the cruise, the hours immediately before and after "midnight coffee" was served were the pleasantest ones of the everlasting day, and all lingered on deck until the rays of the morning sun became too dazzling about 3 a.m., retiring to sleep over the normal breakfast hour if the scenery permitted such indulgence, a point on which that most amiable of commanders, Captain Axel Juel, was the best authority.

The highest mountain ranges and wildest coast scenery of the extensive province of Nordland lie between Bödo and Tromsø. The ship's boats were first lowered on its southern border to land on the island of Torgen, at the base of the queer hat-shaped mountain of Torghaettan, which is pierced near its square summit by a long and lofty natural tunnel through which the ocean can be seen as through a telescope on either side. It was a rough scramble up over peat and morass covered with the silvery-tufted cotton grass, heather, and the pure white blossoms of the cloudberry or mölteber, queen of the wild fruits of the Scandinavian autumn—ending with a final hand-over-hand climb over rocks innumerable. The beautiful outlines of the bare rugged peaks of the "Seven Sisters" on the island of Alsten were long in view. The Arctic circle was crossed that evening. It was a scene of indescribable beauty. The majestic background of snow-patched, crater-shaped mountains in the east glowed under the

subdued light of the northern sun, then a crimson disc on the horizon, and flooding the light fleecy cloudlets with a thousand changeable tints all reflected in the unruffled surface of the island-dotted Thren fiord. The grand outline of the weird cloaked horseman, the Hestmandso, stood out boldly against the western sky—truly a northern sphinx brooding over a desert ocean.

The North Star was next steered into the solitudes of the Holands fiord, whence stern alpine mountains rise on either side. A cool breeze was wafted from the great snow-field of Svartisen, a glittering mantle forty English miles long, the source of several glaciers, one of which we were approaching. The colour of the water changed from limpid blue to grey as we were rowed in from the anchored ship to seek a landing over rocks thickly covered with seaweed and barnacles. The base of the great ice sheet proved more distant than it seemed as we tramped on at two in the morning through tall rank grass heavy with dew and amid clumps of dwarf birches to the foot of the first or winter moraine. A deep stream flowed swiftly circling through the intervening tract of glacier-worn sand and mud, and rendered the high-piled basal moraine difficult of access. Thence it was easy to reach the surface of the pure ice, split up by yawning crevasses green above and deepening into abysses of dark blue crystal. Hummock rose upon hummock, and the vast frozen sea stretched upwards glowing orange and rosy in the glorious brightness of an Arctic morn. The rush of water and the clear strong notes of a northern warbler harmonised well with such surroundings. Early as it was, the North Star was no longer alone on the water. All the population of the immediate vicinity had come out in frail old skiffs to marvel at the grand new ship that had invaded the solitude of this beautiful and seldom visited fiord. One impassive white-haired old fellow in a red woollen cap looked very picturesque. There was an impromptu fish-market, and two large specimens of the cod tribe were purchased for less than eightpence. The deck was piled with freshly-cut branches, and later on the awning stanchions were hidden with their foliage, a graceful decoration customary throughout Scandinavia on railway cars and steamers, and never neglected on the eve and festival of St. Han's Day or Midsummer.

After touching at the little port of Bödo, the Vest fiord was crossed, and the jagged peaks of the Lofoten island ranges came into view, rising abruptly from and towering over the deep green waters so clear that every permanent detail of form and passing phase of colour was reflected therein, with a fair mirage of a floating island. Myriads of yellow jelly-fishes drifted with drooping tentacles expanding and contracting just beneath the unruffled mirror-like surface, broken here and there with ripples from the plunging wild duck, busy gull, or stately-swimming and glossy-plumaged eider, who reigned supreme in the absence of the spring shoals of cod or summer herring, the later harvest of the hardy fishermen. The passage of the Raftsund, a narrow river-like channel often surrounded entirely by the enclos-

ing mountains, separating the Lofoten from the Vesteraalen, excels all other coast scenes in sublimity. The deep purple and red granitic masses contrast well with the dazzling snow and ice and fresh green of lichen-covered heights and ferny niches. Gleaming cascades glide down and light up the rugged precipices; and all the thousand varied colour tones of earth, atmosphere, and ocean—the special charm of these latitudes—united form a picture of surpassing beauty.

The pleasant little island city of Tromsø faces the mainland and the Tromsødal, a broad grassy valley, surrounded by an amphitheatre of snow-patched mountains, covered with the grey reindeer moss—the pasture-land of the herds of domesticated animals owned by the mountain Lapps that camp here in summer, by the brawling stream whose banks are covered with dwarf willows and yellow and purple pansies no bigger than violets. The home of the Lapps is not a luxurious one—a tent-shaped hut roofed with turf sods, supported by birch poles, with a hole at the top to let out the smoke rising from the stone-encircled central fire, over which a large black pot was hanging. Host and hostess were reclining on the raised daïs of birch branches partly covered with skins. They were fat, fair, amiable, but malodorous, with blue eyes, light hair, and high cheekbones, diminutive, but not ill-featured. The baby lay cramped up in a birch-bark pointed boat-shaped cradle. An old hag bartered keenly little pouches of reindeer skin, well-cut spoons scratched with rough outlined reindeer, and handsomely carved knife-hilts and sheaths of bone. More domestic articles were slung on a wooden rack outside, which serves as larder, and is covered with tent-cloths in wet weather. Men and women were dressed almost alike in long grey woollen tunic and overalls, bordered with worked bands of red and blue. The pointed boots of reindeer-



HUT OF LAPPS IN THE TROMSØDAL.

skin were fastened with strips of hide; women were distinguished by the helmet-shaped cap of mixed colours. A number of black specks against

the mountain horizon proved to be reindeer, and it was a very pretty sight when the slim grey-and-white furred, soft-eyed creatures—hinds with frisking little ones, and lordly bucks with branching antlers—were driven in by men, assisted by foxy little black dogs, into the stockaded enclosure. A woman threw the long lasso very skilfully over the horns of one she singled out from the restless herd to act as leader when at last they were liberated, with panting sides and crackling



LAPLANDER GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDCHILD.

knee-joints, grunting a chorus of disconcerted amazement, to roam over the hillsides thickly covered with heather.

A white mist often veils the coast of Finmarken between Tromsø and Hammerfest, and the outlines of the grand mountain ranges surrounding the Lyngen fiord, one of the finest of the many picturesque water-chasms of Norway. Hammerfest is chiefly remarkable for its position—the most northerly town in the world—and for the evil odours arising from its staple manufacture, that of cod-liver oil. The wooden warehouses are built on piles, and stretch far down the water-side. The place was full of Lapps, and the church on the hill—a small wooden building—was then the scene of a very interesting ceremony. It was densely crowded with adult Lapp candidates for confirmation, clad in their woollen summer clothing, and suffering greatly from the heat. The men, wearing thick scarfs round their necks, with their long hair floating on their shoulders, were all seated together on one side of the building, and the women, in their conical head-coverings, on the other. There were groans and lamentations as the earnest and eloquent Norwegian pastor, in long black garment and immense Lutheran frill, addressed them from the

altar. His sonorous, musical periods were interpreted sentence by sentence by the long-booted, black-coated Lapp in a shrill treble, and apparently condensed in the process. There was a pause, and then one by one the men, small of stature, approached the rails with the awkward staggering gait which is their special characteristic, and knelt in a circle before the pastor, who touched each head twice, repeating a prayer, and then dismissed the circle with an impressive benediction. After an interval the organ sounded slowly the air of a processional hymn, and the mothers, carrying babies in their arms, advanced up the aisle to the font, the respective male parents and god-parents clustering somewhat shamefacedly, or with conscious pride on the part of the younger ones, on the opposite side of the raised dais. A younger and more matter-of-fact minister commenced the trying ordeal, well sprinkling each tiny head with water three times rapidly one after the other. There was of course a howl in chorus from about thirty strong infantine lungs, and we all escaped from the narrow gallery downstairs into the little room where the mothers and babies had congregated, and been previously subjected to the wearisome trial of a long detention. The deep feeling of the pastor, and the reverent, quiet demeanour of the candidates, made the scene, with its simple surroundings, more impressive than similar functions performed with elaborate ceremonial and accessories elsewhere.

But outside in the streets, alas! the unregenerate, picturesquely attired, were reeling about in all the varied attitudes and stages of silent intoxication. A man draining his bottle on the top of one of the double-stone-step entrances—the chief architectural feature of Hammerfest houses—seemed long uncertain whether he would come down them head or feet foremost. There is room for another blue-ribbon mission among the Lapps, who are frequently stupefied with strong spirits instead of the juices of tobacco, as is the case with some of the Norwegian peasantry in the interior; but the acquisition of the language would be a difficulty.

The mountains of Finmarken are of uniformly less elevation than those of Nordland, and the scenery of the coast lying between Hammerfest and the North Cape is rugged, barren, and desolate in the extreme. Then their seeming solitudes were somewhat brightened by the bonfires lighted on the narrow strand, and here and there three or four persons were assembled celebrating the great midsummer festival of St. Hans, in whose honour a rattling *feu de joie* re-echoed again and again. The mist hung lightly over an open stretch of ocean as the fog-horn signalled shrilly to call a fresh pilot to take the ship out of her usual course into the Tua fiord, that we might have a sight of the stern realities of whaling. Soon a small boat was rowed lustily over the freshening waves, its bronzed and stalwart occupant hailing from one of the three low rocky islets there—the only land in sight, and very suggestive in their desolate loneliness of the “uttermost ends of the earth.” A large whale had been caught and towed into

the little station only a few hours before. The surrounding water was dyed crimson with blood. It was about sixty feet long, black above and silver below, and belonged to the round-snouted Arctic species (*Balaenoptera musculus*). They were stripping the tough hide and underlying blubber, and the deep pink and white flesh below looked much like veal. Close by lay the little steamer that had effected its capture, armed with a mortar to discharge the explosive harpoon, carrying shells to burst in the unfortunate animals, which plunge madly, and drag the vessel a long stern chase before their terrible agonies end in exhaustion. It is a cruel method of warfare, and one rapidly ensuring the extermination of these grand “leviathans of the deep.”

Off again, into solitudes bleaker than before, and anchored at last in the little bay (lat. $71^{\circ} 10'$), at the base of that bold island promontory the rocky North Cape. There is good deep-sea fishing-ground hereabout, and lines were let down with both baited and bright unbaited double hooks. The latter were sharply jerked up and down, for the fishes are so abundant sometimes that the hook catches in the jaw of the unlucky victim, who is thus hauled up to the surface at the end of a thirty-fathom line, without even the consolation of a tit-bit to tickle its palate. Cod, ling, and coal-fishes—all of the cod tribe—were thus captured. It was laborious work, and seemed cruel sport as those from the greater depths were flung over the bulwarks to lie palpitating on deck, some with the air-bladder forced by the pressure out of their gaping and distended mouths. The base of the great rock was thickly covered with beautiful flowers, deep-yellow buttercups, tall “forget-me-nots,” ranunculi, and dozens of varieties in full bloom, and the folk who stayed content to botanise below were wise indeed, for the tedious scramble up the precipitous walls, over loose rocks and thick verdure heavy with dew, and yielding but a slippery foothold, was no easy one. The view from the flat morassy plateau, more extensive than beautiful, did not sufficiently reward the weary toilers, for the ascent is severely disproportioned to the comparatively small altitude of barely a thousand feet. Few women should attempt it, for they only weary themselves and those who are amiable enough to help them up and guide them down the steep, pathless, and giddy height, more like the walls of a high building than any ordinary descent of a hillside.

At five a.m. of another day the Nordstjernen steamed out of the sheltering cove still farther northwards to the bird-haunted island of Sværholt, whence countless thousands of gulls and terns issued, darkening the air, and screaming a shrill response to the gunshots fired from the vessel. They settled in black and white rows in regular platoons along the ledges of the rocks, to be again and again dislodged in noisy terror. By-and-by the “Finkirken” came in view—low, dark rocks, exactly resembling ruined churches. Then at last we were permitted to retire to sleep awhile as the ship wended her way through the uninteresting Magerosund dividing the island of Magero from the mainland. This was the turning-point

of the cruise. Fog lay heavy over the dreary coast up to Hammerfest, to which most northerly city we all bade, as we thought, "a tender last farewell." But fate willed otherwise. Two hours later the North Star was again bound for that port to reship a wandering mountaineer who had found the heights of Tyven, the Rigi of Finmarken, too attractive. Later the fog thickened, and we were compelled to lie at anchor some hours during the night and part of the following morning. This was unfortunate, as it prevented the captain cruising an extra trip up the Lyngen fiord, where the mountains are of considerable height, snow-clad, and covered with a large number of glaciers. The coast view of this magnificent range was all that was visible as the haze lifted at last and the ship sped on her homeward way. But even the mist had charms, sometimes hanging low on the water, shrouding the bases of the mountains while the sky was perfectly clear above; at others veiling the summits or drifting in separate bands along the escarpments, leaving too much to the imagination for safe pilotage among the tortuous channels of the island belt. To avoid its recurrence the captain took another course after touching again at Tromsø, outside the Lofoten islands, as it was clearer out seawards. Twenty-four hours later the midnight sun shone gloriously forth, its lurid rays mantling the water and bathing the sky in tints of marvellous softness and brilliancy, while the crescent moon hung, pallid and ineffectual emblem of night, over the hard, cold outlines of far-off snow-clad Svartisen. Meanwhile the op-

posite shores glowed under the rosy light of day as we passed from the Arctic into the Atlantic Ocean. Then the sun itself was hidden behind a towering rock, closing up the northern vista, but its reflected rays streamed over the rippling southern water, mantling with warmth and colour. Perfect night and perfect day together, while far ahead loomed a darkening foreground of cloud, against which the complete and deep-toned arch of a beautifully blended midnight rainbow long stood out distinct and clear. Such a combination of meteorological phenomena would puzzle the most astute of weather prophets, but it produced rain before midday, and in crossing over from one sheltering fiord to the mouth of another a sharp and sudden squall arose, and the white waves and dashing spray from the Atlantic proved for once too much for the weaker brethren. But it died away almost as quickly in a few hours as we again approached the coast, here low and green and lightened with fertile cultivated patches of hay and barley. About midnight, by Hammerfest time, there being just one hour's difference, the Nordstjernen came to anchor in Trondhjem harbour, bright in the orange afterglow of the short northern summer twilight, thus concluding in eight days her first most successful cruise amid the manifold glories of nature, strange delights, and wondrous revelations of atmospheric colouring which are found in Europe, and then in summer only, off the rocky coasts washed by the waves of the open Arctic Ocean.

AGNES CRANE.

DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY J. CORDY JEAFFERSON, AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

CHAPTER VI.—ENSIGNS AND IMPOSTURES (*continued*).

CERTAINLY not more than twenty years since, the writer of this page was lunching with the late Sir Cordy Burrows—liveliest of companions, cleverest of doctors, trustiest of friends—when through his dining-room window were seen signs of commotion on the other side of the Old Steyne of Brighton. It was an accident that had for several minutes been drawing a crowd. Burrows seized his hat, and in another minute was one of the rapidly growing crowd that, making way for him, closed about him. Ten minutes later he returned with a droll story about old Bustard, the surgeon on the other side of the Steyne, who on Cordy's appearance on the scene was already in possession of the body of a stalwart workman, who had fallen from a high scaffold raised for building operations. The poor fellow was dead, having broken his neck in the fall, but Bustard had already bound the man's arm with a bleeding-tape, and was standing over him lancet in hand. "What

are you after? The man is dead," whispered Burrows. Angry at the interruption, and with eyes protruding from their sockets, as they were wont to protrude in his frequent outbreaks of ill-temper, Bustard shook his obstinate head, and replied, in a vicious undertone, "Thank you for teaching me my business. I know the man is dead; *but the public is getting impatient, and expects something to be done.*" Hence the preparations for bleeding a dead man! "When in doubt out with your lancet" was the favourite maxim of an extinct school of surgeons who knew very little of their business.

To the last this old-fashioned surgeon (of course Bustard was not his real name) used to bleed his old-fashioned patients. An enemy to change, Bustard sincerely believed that doctors ought to be as ignorant as their patients, that it was all right to have a few highly educated doctors to attend upon highly educated patients, such as

the aristocracy and the gentry, but altogether wrong to provide humble and untaught people with doctors of learning and enlightenment. "Pooh!" this interesting man remarked, shortly before his death, to the present writer; "this new science is all mighty fine! Educate young doctors for the upper classes as high as you please, but remember sick people don't all belong to the upper classes. What will become of the poor when all the young doctors have been educated above the requirements of the populace?"

What strange training was given even so late as half a century since to boys who were trained, in accordance with Bustard's notions, to be proper doctors for common people! What marvellous books of medicine and surgery were put into their hands! What astounding compounds in the way of boluses and embrocations were they taught to prepare! Not seldom the young apprentice was instructed in charlatany as a department of medical practice!

"What good can my medicine do for you if you will be so imprudent as to gorge yourself with broad beans? You are worse! You had beans for dinner!" exclaimed an apothecary of the old school, as, in company with his apprentice, he entered the parlour of an ancient farmer. Ten minutes later, as they drove away from the farmhouse, the apprentice inquired of his master,

"How did you know, sir, at a glance, that the old man had dined off beans and bacon?"

"My boy," answered the preceptor, "I saw the hulls of the beans as we crossed the yard. Take this lesson to heart. To hold your patients' confidence you must keep your eyes open."

Ten days later, sent by himself to call on the same patient and report on his condition, the apprentice found the ancient farmer much worse—so ill as to be in bed. Assuming his master's air and voice as he entered the chamber of sickness, the intelligent youth, with a look of horror in his countenance, exclaimed, "No wonder you are worse! To think of a man in your state being so imprudent as to eat a horse for his dinner! Physic can't cure you if you will do such things!" The worthy pupil of an unworthy master had taken the lesson to heart, and made use of his eyes. New to the country and its manners, the youth (town-born and town-bred) had still to learn it was customary for an ancient farmer to keep his best saddle in his bedroom. Seeing the saddle on its proper tree over the fireplace of the sick-room, it was natural for the youth, unfamiliar with rural usages, to infer that his patient had eaten a horse.

That the story may err on the side of extravagance is conceivable. But it was true to the worst side of the education that was given to the apprentices of provincial apothecaries in the days when every surgeon let blood daily, and every Englishman bore on his arm the marks of the lancet. That those days are not far distant is shown by the very name of our leading medical journal. Established by the enterprising Mr. Wakley (whilom Member of Parliament for Finsbury and Coroner for Middlesex), the most audacious of men on any public question, and at the

same time the most shy of mortals, that journal was started when the bleeding mania had never been higher, by a gentleman at whose table the present writer has heard many a story told with incomparable humour. Now that the instrument is reserved for its proper and legitimate uses, who would think of naming a new medical journal after it? In its name, "The Lancet"—ever studied by the leaders of science, and abreast (as it has ever been) with the foremost wave of scientific progress—is an interesting survival of an obsolete medical practice.

Whilst every town of England had its strong force of masculine operators with the lancet, the country was scarcely less rich in women who could breathe a vein. Every village had a wise woman who could cup, apply leeches, set a broken bone, and render the service needful when new candidates for human honour or wretchedness are about to wail pitifully for the first time. Coming to them from the feudal centuries, when their sex enjoyed a monopoly of what is nowadays called obstetric practice, the wisdom and responsibilities of the healer pertained to the women of England's seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in a degree little imagined in the present time. To see the close alliance of cookery and medicine, of table-fare and kitchen-physic, in olden England, one has only to look into the cookery-books of Elizabethan, Stuart, and early Georgian booksellers, in whose pages prescriptions for fever drinks and tonic draughts are found side by side with recipes for game-pies and mince-meat. The woman who said she could cook was regarded with suspicion if she said she could not cure. The lady who knew how to furnish forth a bridal banquet was seldom untried and inexpert in the service of Lucina. Instead of intruding on the province of men, the medical women of Georgian time were the victims of masculine intrusiveness, and only sought their livelihood in the ancient ways of their sex.

These are matters to be remembered by the student of social history in regarding the careers of Mistress Margaret Kennix and Mistress Woodhouse, the famous doctresses of the Elizabethan era; of Mrs. Sarah Hastings and Mrs. French, who live for all future ages in the "Philosophical Transactions for 1694;" and of that phenomenal medical lady, Mrs. Joanna Stephens, who in the middle of the last century received a round £5,000 (£1,356 3s. from aristocratic subscribers, and the remaining £3,643 17s. by Parliamentary grant) for a public revelation of the processes by which she made the medicines that had saved so many valuable lives. Till it can be shown that calcined snails, powdered snail-shells, eggshells, and Alicant soap are more efficacious than iodine and quinine against disease, the present writer will continue to think meanly of Mistress Joanna's medicines; but it is impossible not to admire the lady's audacity in demanding £5,000 for her recipes, and her firmness in standing out for the last farthing of the price she put upon them.

Mistress Joanna Stephens was still the darling of duchesses and the peculiar pet of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor, when Mistress Sarah Mapp, *alias* "the Epsom

bone-setter," caught the ear and conscience of the town, so far as to be proclaimed a bone-setter of more than human cunning. The daughter of



MRS. SARAH MAPP, THE BONE-SETTER.

[From an old Print.

Wiltshire bone-setter, the wife of a violent person who thrashed her several times during the two weeks of their cohabitation, Mistress Mapp

cannot have been greatly indebted for her success to her personal charms, if art has done her no injustice. In other respects she was a lady to be admired at a distance rather than worshipped in a small drawing-room—to be studied through the glasses of history rather than in the ways of domestic intimacy. She certainly had some disagreeable failings. Had she been a duchess she could not have sworn louder oaths, and she drank more Geneva than Dr. Ward Richardson would think good for any of his patients. Still, she made a brave show when she drove (as she did once a week) in a chariot drawn by four horses, and preceded by outriders in splendid liveries, from Epsom, where she had her home, to the Grecian Coffee House, where she received her London patients, some of whom were people of the highest fashion and rank. It was, of course, vastly droll to see the gentle creature at the playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields, seated between Spot Ward and Chevalier Taylor, and, better still, to see her on being mobbed by the crowd, who mistook her for a certain German countess, put her head out of her coach window, as she screamed (somewhat as Nell Gwynne screamed on a similar occasion), "Don't you know me? I am not the countess, but Sally Mapp, the bone-setter." No doubt the poet was regardless of his fee, and thoughtful only of the lady's merit, when he wrote—



THE TRUE AND LIVELY PORTRAITURE OF VALENTINE GREATRAKES, ESQ., OF ASSANE, IN YE COUNTY OF WATERFORD, IN YE KINGDOM OF IRELAND, FAMOUS FOR CURING SEVERAL DISEASES AND DISTEMPERS BY THE STROAK OF HIS HAND ONLY.

[From an old Print.



DR. KATTERFELTO.

"Dare you was see the vonders of the varld which make de hair stand on tiptoe. Dare you was see mine tumb and mine findgar; fire from mine findgar and feaders on mine tumb. Dare you was see de gun fire viddout ball or powder. O vonders! vonders! wonderful vonders!"

[From an old Print.]

"You surgeons of London, who puzzle your pates,
To ride in your coaches, and purchase estates,
Give over for shame, for pride has a fall,
And the doctress of Epsom has outdone you all,
Derry down,"

with other verses no less musical. Still, when all has been conceded that ought to be conceded to her credit, it remains that Mistress Mapp was a lady quite as clever at breaking bones as she was at setting them.

If she was the most impudent quack of her sex she was not the most shameless quack of her time. To excel in impudence and charlatany it is not necessary to be a woman. If they could only be raised from the grave and made into good soldiers, the male quacks of old England would be a valuable addition to our standing army. If they would only fight as smartly and resolutely as they lied in former times, no German regiment could stand before them. Even the captains of the knavish throng would fill a long list. One is reluctant to speak ill of Atwell (the parson of St. Tue, celebrated in Fuller's "Worthies"), who, like all the most successful quacks in medicine, succeeded by leaving nature to take her own course; or the pious Valentine Greatrakes, who at least began his healing career like an honest gentleman, and doubtless cured as many people of the king's evil by stroking them as ever an English

king with a crown on his head cured by virtue of royal touch. Then comes Thomas Saffold, of Charles II's London, one of the first London quacks to advertise his wares by handbills, given to passers in the public streets. In the whole army of fraudulent pretenders no two saucier knaves could be found than the tailor Reade (converted by royal accolade into Sir William Reade), and the tinker Roger Grant, whom Queen Anne constituted her "sworn oculists," to the displeasure of the rhymester who threw off the verses,

"Her Majesty sure was in a surprise,
Or else was very short-sighted;
When a tinker was sworn to look after her eyes,
And the mountebank Reade was knighted."

At no long space they were followed by Dr. John Hancock, rector of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, who wrote up the water-cure in George I's time. In the next reign did not "Spot" Ward (so styled from the mole on his cheek) make a fortune by his pills, and drive (by royal permission) his splendid coach and big horses daily through St. James's Park? Who has not heard of the tar-water mania? The two quack oculists (Chevalier Taylor and his son, John Taylor, junior) were only less offensive than tinker Grant and Sir William Reade by being considerably less successful.

Like Greatrakes, the Loutherbours (man and wife) cured people by manual touch, unaided by medicine, and assigned their mysterious power to the especial favour of the Giver of all gifts; but whilst it is questionable whether Greatrakes ever stroked the sick for profit, it is certain that, while professing to take no reward, the Loutherbours filled their pockets from the purses of those who believed in them. Another charlatan to live on the lips, whilst dipping hand into the pocket of fashionable London (*temp.* George III), was Dr. Myersbach. Contemporary with Myersbach was Dr. Katterfelto, celebrated in Cowper's "Task" by the lines,

"And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

Katterfelto was remarkable for entertaining the people who bought his nostrums, and also the people who made no trial of his medicines, with lectures on electricity, the air-pump, and the solar microscope. The experiments at these scientific addresses may have been diverting, but the professor's oratory cannot have contributed much to the transient popularity of his entertainments, if he was faithfully reported in the inscription of the old print: "Dare you was see the vonders of the varld, which make de hair stand on tiptoe. Dare you was see mine tumb and mine findgar; fire from mine findgar and feaders on mine tumb. Dare you was see de gun fire viddout ball or powder. O vonders! vonders! wonderful vonders!" In his heyday (no long day) the tall, thin impostor, wearing a black gown and square cap, used to move about the

country in a chariot drawn by six horses and surrounded by outriders in brilliant liveries. But on falling in public favour he appeared with only two mean horses harnessed to his coach, whilst his retinue of footmen had dwindled to two black boys in green coats with red collars. Having fallen thus low, Katterfelto's career was ended by the Mayor of Shrewsbury, who sent him to the House of Correction for the ordinary punishment of a rogue and vagabond.

Ere long Katterfelto was replaced by impostors of somewhat higher education and very much better style. For a while Perkins (the American cheat) made good running with his metallic tractors, till Dr. Haygarth, of Bath, destroyed the adventurer's credit. With his Temple of Health (first in the Adelphi and afterwards in Pall Mall), with Emma Harte (Lady Hamilton) figuring as Goddess of Health in the "Sanctum Sanctorum," whilst patients took earth-baths in the rear part of the premises, Dr. Graham fleeced the public for a long term of years before he lost or spontaneously surrendered his hold of fashion's foolish throng. At no great distance of time he was succeeded by the elegant, graceful, well-mannered St. John Long, whose house in Harley Street was no less attractive to women of high birth and rank and brightest fashion, after than it had been before his trial for the manslaughter of Miss Cashin. When consumption sent him to a premature grave in Kensal Green Cemetery, this finest gentleman of the medical impostors was still the idol of his fair dupes. What are the limits of charlatanry? They are co-extensive with those of human credulity.

MISS LIMPETT'S LODGERS.

BY MRS. STANLEY LEATHES.

CHAPTER I.—MISS LIMPETT AT HOME.

I thank you that the heart I cast away
Upon a worthier altar I can lay!
I thank you for a terrible awaking!
Know that my blessing lay in your forsaking.
—A. A. Proctor.

YES, Miss Limpett was an old maid. She was one, and did not pretend to be anything else. One of the good things done in the present day is the removal of opprobrium from that name. Or rather, perhaps, the single women of the present day have shown themselves to be something better than the single women of the past generation. They no longer sing,

"Dressed in yellow, pink, and blue,
Nursing cats is all we do;"

but they go forth bravely among the poor and sick, into hospitals and upon battle-fields, doing as true and good a work as their sister matrons. They no longer sit spending days of idleness over

useless cross-stitch, or in gossiping from house to house. They no longer paint their skin, or put plumpers into their cheeks to revive a ghastly suggestion of youth, but they accept their condition and age more gracefully and with more dignity than of yore, and are respected in consequence. Some of the sweetest and best and bravest, nay, the most beautiful women I have known, have been single women; and one of these was Miss Limpett. When I first knew her she must have been past fifty, and yet I think many would have agreed with me that she might have been called beautiful. There is, I maintain, a certain beauty in every stage of life when God's purpose has not been marred by sin, deformity, or untruth, of which all artificialness is a form. True, there were streaks of grey in her hair, and lines in her face, and marks of suffering about the kindly sensitive mouth; but still I maintain that, as I first remember dear good Miss Limpett, she was beautiful. God bless her!

She lived alone in a cottage just outside the little town of Millbrook. It was a queer little cottage, standing cornerways to the road in a twisted, awkward way, and do all she would she could not make it pretty. In vain she covered the walls with creepers, and planted her little garden with gay flowers; still Crab Cottage had a screwed-in, pinched-up, angular appearance, as if it never ought to have been there.

"It had been built," Miss Limpett used to say, laughing, "by a very shy man, who had wedged in his little property between two neighbours' plots, as if he thought his right to live like other people was doubtful, and might be disputed."

It was a trial to her to live in that house, for she had a wonderful love of order and symmetry and beauty. All the rooms inside were queer in shape, the chimneys came in the wrong places, and there were more corners in each than you would have thought it possible to make.

The little dining-room was a triangle, the drawing-room had seven corners, and Miss Limpett's bedroom was of so strange a shape that the window winked in one corner, and the arrangement of the bed and of other furniture in it was a problem hard to solve.

Nevertheless it was a pleasant little place, for it had a presence in it of a sympathising, loving soul; and a home is made up of its inmates, for the surroundings, be they what they may, take their colouring from them. When we go into a house, the inhabitants of which are strangers to us, do we not see much in many little indescribable details which indicate to us the character of the occupants? The spirit of the home-maker hovers about a home strangely, and gives a peculiar character to each. Some are cold, stiff, and rigid; others warm, comforting, and open-doored; others are refined with a subtle delicacy, which is told in touches legible only to a kindred spirit; others are pretentious, untrue, full of shams; others are real, brave in their truthfulness, and natural; and so forth. Indeed, each home varies as much as the occupants vary.

And so it was with dear Miss Limpett's home. There was a pervading presence of loving comfortableness and a sense of welcome in the very atmosphere.

The little wicket-gate at the bottom of the garden opened gladly with no creak or jerk; no little snarling dog barked at you as you knocked with the particularly manageable knocker (there is a great difference in knockers) at the little painted door. Lydia, the maid, who opened it, met you with a smile and a courtesy learnt from her mistress, and you were shown into the little seven-cornered room with a cheerful gladness as if you were a pleasant sight to see.

Then down came dear Miss Limpett, with a gentle, soothing greeting; and when she had put you in the most comfortable chair in the room you felt perfectly happy. As for herself, she always sat in a straight-backed one; she said she preferred it, just as she always seemed to prefer the joints of chickens other people did not, or the top pieces of tea-cakes at her little tea-parties, which were dry and hard.

I believe she did, dear lady!—that is, she deceived herself into thinking she did, because unselfishness had become in her a habit so ingrained that to act otherwise than unselfishly was unnatural to her. I have known a few other such saintly-minded people, and they have realised to me the ideal of Christian life—souls who had borne the daily cross with no fret or murmur, and so had learnt the lesson it is given to teach, of sweet contentedness.

But I must not go on talking longer about my dear old friend, save just to speak of her dress, without which my picture of her would be incomplete. It was part of herself, like her home, and, as dress generally does, told tales of character the wearer little guessed. It was always made of some soft flowing texture, and never rustled or stuck out inconveniently. It was fine in material, and of soft and sober tints, harmonising with the greyer years of advancing life, and its delicacy and neatness were always extreme. No matter though in wet and wintry seasons she sat alone all the day through, she was as carefully and perfectly dressed as though she expected honoured guests. The good Miss Limpett was ready for any summons, else we had not seen that serene calm upon her gentle face.

CHAPTER II.—MISS LIMPETT'S STORY.

I SUPPOSE most people have "a story." The "stories" of real life, to my mind, are far more intensely and thrillingly interesting than any devised by a cunning and imaginative novelist. Still some people seem to live in the thick of the storm, while others lie sheltered in some quiet haven.

But Miss Limpett had had her one little bit of romance, and it was this.

Her father had been a prosperous solicitor in Millbrook, and had lived in a large square brick house a little out of the town, called "The Hall." Miss Limpett could just see the chimneys of it out of one window in Crab Cottage by craning her neck dangerously, and when she felt a little lonely and dull she would mount to this room and stand on a stool and look if any smoke was coming out of them.

Her mother died when she was fifteen, and she was taken hastily away from school, where she was very happy and a great favourite, to come and take charge of her father's house, and of him and her three brothers. She at once took up her duties in an earnest and unselfish way, as she had always done everything all through her life, and after a manner, perhaps, was happy. Her father petted her and made much of her, and yet also expected much of her, forgetting her extreme youth, and that there is a time for play. Her brothers were proud of her, for she was very pretty; yet they made her a slave to their many wants and fancies, and altogether the poor girl lived no easy life. She did not think so—nay, she looked back to those years as we many of us do look back to our youth—as an oasis in a dreary wilderness.

She had few friends, for it so happened—as is the case curiously enough sometimes in the his-

tory of neighbourhoods—there were no young people who were companionable about her. There was actually nobody she could have married if such a prospect had passed through her mind. The doctor of the town had only daughters, all of a different tone of mind to Bessie Limpett. They took in "fashion books," and spent their whole time in devising fashionable attire out of a small allowance, and in angling for invitations for every possible small gaiety within twenty miles round. They thought Bessie Limpett dull and old-fashioned, and she truly was not of their mind. The clergyman was an old man and a bachelor, and kept every one at a sublime and dignified distance. His guests, when he had them, were only seen in his church pew, or driving out with him in an impervious close carriage. To the county families the Limpetts had no access, and they were on a little higher platform than the farmers. So it happened that pretty Bessie Limpett was left alone, by an accident of a "social eddy," unwooed and unwon.

I am inclined to think myself that there are many girls in the same position, who really have no chance of marrying—who never see any one they could marry; and then in these cases it must surely be helpful to remember that it is a calling to a single life, and to the duties which are so manifold and useful, and only stand second to the duties of mother and matron.

Bessie's brothers used to say, as they watched their pretty sister going about the house intent upon her housekeeping duties,

"I say, it is a pity Bess shouldn't marry. She'd make a wife a man ought to be proud of."

"Yes; and who's she to marry? unless it is old Pulliver, the miser, and he isn't her sort; and Jack Miller, whom she would not look at; or Spence, of the mill, who isn't fit to wipe her feet."

"Oh! some enchanted prince will come some day," said another; "people never marry the people you expect. But it would be a sin and a shame for our Bess to be an old maid."

Well, whether he was an enchanted prince or not, some one did at last turn up, in the shape of a school friend of her youngest and favourite brother, Sam. Anthony Meade was the son of an officer who was in India. He was a good deal older than Sam, but somehow they were friends, and for several summers he spent his holidays at the Hall. There was plenty of enjoyment for young folk there, what with haymaking, and picnicking, and riding, and boating on the mere—as a big black pond in the grounds was called; and by degrees Bessie and Anthony drifted into a very close friendship. Nothing more—at first. She would have told you only that Anthony was like a brother to her, that's all! Then he went to Addiscombe—Addiscombe existed in those days. Then to Chatham; and the military atmosphere in which Anthony lived added a charm to him in poor Bessie's eyes, as I fancy it does to most young girls. Bessie even went down at his wish to a ball there with her eldest brother; but she was not at home somehow, and it was her first and only ball. At last he came to spend his last

vacation at Millbrook before he went to India. It was springtime, and Bessie long remembered how beautiful that springtime had been. It came that May with unwonted loveliness. Never had the meadows been so richly jewelled with cowslips, buttercups, and daisies; never had the woods been carpeted with hyacinths of so intense a blue; never had the birds sung among the budding willows with so sweet a chorus; or the cuckoo and the stock-dove sung their sweet, monotonous song so unceasingly. Anthony and Bessie fell at once into their old intimacy. It is impossible to say how definite the feelings of these two were. It is the sweet indefiniteness that makes much of the charm of such associations. If Bessie had asked herself questions about how much she liked Anthony, and if Anthony had taken the measure of his affection for Bessie, perhaps much of its charm would have been marred. Like the butterfly's wing and the bloom on the peach, it could not bear a touch.

He was wrong, doubtless; but not so she. A girl is in a cruel position often. She is not supposed to have a preference unless she is sought. It is unmaidenly, she is taught, to care for those who do not especially care for you. Nevertheless, if she be of a refined and sensitive temperament, she will be peculiarly open to outward influences, and if she fall in with a kindred spirit she inevitably will be attracted by it. So it was with Bessie. She loved Anthony with all her heart, and yet she fought shy of herself. She dared ask herself no questions. What right had she to love him?—he had never told her he cared for her otherwise than as a dear friend. I am inclined to think that Anthony came to Millbrook that vacation with a full intention of asking Bessie to be his wife. Nevertheless, he considered himself quite free; he had never said a word to her to lead her to suppose that that would be the end of their friendship—he had been most prudent, he flattered himself.

And so sped that sweet Maytime. When one morning when the sun broke through dripping boughs of laburnum, and a playful breeze tossed the lilac and the hawthorn till their scent filled the air, the postman put a letter in at the open window of the breakfast-room addressed to Miss Limpett in a strange hand.

Bessie broke the seal amidst the badinage of her brothers.

"A love-letter at last," said John, the eldest. "Bessie has only two correspondents, Anthony—old Miss Mills, who writes for subscriptions, and her godfather, Dr. Brown, who is eighty-four!"

"See how she is blushing. Come, Bessie, we are waiting to hear all about it," said Tom.

Truly Bessie did colour up, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure, as she said,

"Only think, Annette Bell, my old schoolfellow, is passing through Millbrook, and asks if she can stay here for the night. Come, Sam," she added, looking at her watch hastily, "get the pony carriage quickly to the door, we must go to meet her by the 9.15 train."

"Well, we shall see blue roses next," said Sam. "A lady visitor, and a young one, in this

house is an apparition! What is she like, this Belle Annette?"

"Like other girls, I suppose," said John, who was a misogynist.

"No she isn't," said Bessie, gathering up her keys and work-basket to leave the room. "Unless she is much changed she is a very beautiful girl. Have some breakfast ready in half an hour," she added, addressing a maid. "A young lady will be here who has travelled all night from Scotland, and she will be tired."

"And where is she going?"

"Somewhere in the south of France. Her mother was French and her father Scotch. They are both dead, and she lives with some dreary old lady relation who keeps her as close as a nun. So she says in her letter. I have not heard from her for years till to-day."

The pony carriage was at the door, but instead of Sam being in it to drive her, Anthony was there.

"I want you, Anthony," said Bessie, as she got in; "but do you care to come?"

"Of course I do," Anthony said, as they drove off. "Why do you ask me such a question?"

It was not much to say, but Bessie often thought of it, and of the kind yet reproving look that accompanied it, in after years!

CHAPTER III.—MISS LIMPETT'S STORY CONTINUED.

WHAT a drive it was through those embowered lanes. It had rained in the night, and the fresh young leaves shone as the sunbeams glanced through them, and the birds shook showers of glistening drops from the branches as they sprang away from the approach of the little carriage. Veronicas, blue as maiden's eyes, studded the banks; larches tasseled with the tenderest green covered the hills; lambs, half-buried in daisy-bespangled grass, bleated and gambolled by the side of their sober and experienced mothers; little children stood by the way clenching huge bunches of cuckoo-flowers and marsh marigolds, their own sweet, fresh young faces harmonising well with the day and the season. Bessie laughed and chattered quite at her ease, taking the reins from Anthony and driving, while he lay back in indolent enjoyment.

"You can't drive," she said, laughing, "you never could. You'll always want some one to drive you or you'll come to a bad end."

"Shall I?" he said. "I hope not. Then I ought to have a wife with a strong hand and a stout heart. Bessie, I wonder whether—"

Bessie never knew what he wondered, for at that moment the train whizzed up, and they had to rush on in a hurried and flurried condition in order to be in time.

"You stay with the pony while I go in and meet her," she said to Anthony. "You wouldn't know her if you went, so I must go."

"I had rather come," said Anthony, pathetically; "but if it is my destiny to be driven, I must stay!"

So Bessie flung the reins to him and ran into the station. She looked in at many carriages,

and at last saw one the windows of which were closed. Some one was lying full length upon the seat.

A guard passing by opened the door for her, and Bessie actually had to get into the carriage and shake in order to awaken a small figure she recognised to be Annette.

Even then she was very deliberate in her movements, sat up, rubbed her eyes, shook back her hair, and said, "Where am I?"

"At Millbrook," said Bessie, rather severely; "and the train only waits three minutes. Have you any luggage?"

"I should think so!" said the drowsy traveller. "Oh, dear! where are all my things? Three boxes are under the seats—my book, my smelling-bottle, my hat, my umbrella!"

"Get out, and I will give them to you," said Bessie, sternly, for the guard was already banging the doors in carriages close by, and she was in despair.

So Annette tumbled out, a curious, crumpled, dishevelled spectacle, but withal very charming in her fresh young morning beauty.

"Oh, dear!" she said, laughing, as Bessie flung out handfuls of property—shawls, umbrellas, baskets, books, smelling-bottles, and hand-bags—"I feel so absurd, like the—"

"Sleeping Beauty," suggested Bessie. "Now where's your luggage?" for an ominous whistle sounded.

"I have got it," said a voice behind—"at least, if these five large boxes are they."

Bessie started, and turned round and saw Anthony at the door of the carriage.

"You bad boy!" she said, hastily; "what about the pony? Let me introduce Mr. Meade—Miss Bell."

Anthony carelessly raised his hat, and took both hands full of hats and umbrellas and cloaks and plaids, and led the way to where a porter stood holding the pony. Of course Bessie had to sit behind, and to give her place to her friend, and soon the tossed, rumpled bundle of shawls and wraps was packed into the carriage, and they were off. Even Bessie herself could not help thinking how lovely that little creature looked in spite of her travel-worn appearance, and there could be no doubt but that Anthony thought the same.

Annette Bell was now about three-and-twenty, a little older than Bessie, and she had an advantage over her in many ways. She had much more confidence in herself, much more knowledge of the world, and much more experience generally of life. In a moment Bessie felt herself at a disadvantage. Good, patient, wise, thoughtful girl as she was, she felt she was not at her best by the side of Annette.

Somehow Annette's ruffled hair, tumbled up anyhow, was charming. Annette's bent-about, rather shabby bonnet was very becoming. Even the crumpled blue merino dress, trimmed with rather worn fur, looked well on her as she lounged back in the pony carriage, telling her adventures to Anthony as if she had known him all her life. She told every little incident of her journey with an

assurance of meeting with interest, which gets its reward generally, though they were, many of them, no more interesting than the rudeness of the porters, the coldness of the water in her foot-warmer, or the tardiness of the guard who brought her some tea at Carlisle so late that she actually carried away the cup and saucer with her. All the little stories she told welled up from a source tinged with self and self-worship, as a more experienced ear than Bessie's would have learnt. But as it was, Bessie sat meekly behind—extinguished, set aside, nobody. Dear, good Bessie! what a shame it was! Bessie, who had the heart of a heroine, who could do and strive and toil and forget herself, who was beautiful in the best sense of the word, and true and noble in nature.

She felt conscious of her country-made dress. She felt as if her neat, smooth, and glossy hair was somehow out of the sunshine, and that her carefully-kept cloak and bonnet, trimmed with spotless and dustless velvet, did not look their best. Generally she could forget herself and forget her dress, but by Annette's side she could not.

And at that moment, as they dashed through those lanes that had been so full of joy not half an hour ago, the sun went in, a dark cloud rapidly spread itself over the sky that had been so blue, and down came a chilling shower of hail. Such a change often occurs in our climate, but it seemed that day to have a special meaning to Bessie.

"Take care how you drive," she said to Anthony, who was always a reckless driver, and who was chattering and laughing with his companion in a manner that jarred upon Bessie's finer sense of fitness. "He talks to this girl," she thought to herself, almost tearfully, "in a way he never talks to me, and has not known her half an hour. I suppose I am dull, I have lived so much out of the world. Take care, Anthony!" she cried out, but too late. They were running over a mound of rubbish and stones as they came upon a turn in the road, and before her words were fairly spoken they were all turned over, some into a ditch, she unfortunately upon a less soft bed.

She was stunned for the time, and only came to herself when she found herself on her own bed. She had been thrown with more violence than those in front from her seat, and had fallen upon a heap of stones. A slight concussion of the brain ensued, and she was ordered to be kept perfectly quiet.

Anthony, she was told was quite unhurt, and Miss Gray had only sprained her ankle slightly, but still, slight as it was, it was considered a sufficient excuse for keeping her at the Hall. "Miss Mills" was sent for as a kind of chaperon and duenna, and the four young men and the young lady with a sprained ankle had a merry time of it, if the poor girl who lay in bed upstairs was a fair judge. Certainly many merry peals of laughter reached her from the drawing-room, and gay laughter and banter sounded up through her open window.

She was to be kept quiet, and for this reason no one came to her room but her father and her nurse—her father only three times a day to ask formal questions as to her health and kiss her and

pat her head, and go away stealthily as if on forbidden ground, for, like many men, he hated a sick-room. I say no one came, but there was one who came in the evening in the dusk and sat by her bed for hours, just holding her hand and kissing it. This was Sam, her youngest brother. He was a "ne'er-do-weel," who got into endless scrapes at school, was rusticated his first term at Cambridge, could do nothing right at home, and had no one to take his part but Bess. Now he was in his father's office, but with a doom hanging over his head, for his father had said if he did not satisfy him at the end of the year he was to be shipped off to the colonies. And as to satisfying him, why, Sam's very name made him angry, and the lad could scarcely eat an egg in a way to please his father.

"Just like Sam!" old Mr. Limpett would say when he went to the stable to look at the horse Sam had been riding. "Just like Sam!" he would say when the lad hurt himself at football. "Just like Sam!" when some paper from the office miscarried which had been directed by him. It might have happened to any one else, still it was "just like Sam!"

I do not say Sam had no failings. He was a careless, slovenly, slap-dash, neck-or-nothing boy, but still that "Just like Sam!" gave him a push in the downward road.

I hate saws. I think, independently of the vulgarity of them, that they encourage the indolence of the human mind. People remember some stupid saw, and use it rather than put the good thought embodied in sterling, beautiful, and original words. Still, if ever a saw was applicable, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him" was applicable to Sam. He felt his character a doom. He did not want to be bad, but everybody said he was bad.

"It's of no use. I suppose I was born to be a worry to everybody," he would say to Bessie, and to no one else. "I had better go away. As to trying, it's no use. I am not made of the same stuff as father; and if I sat at my desk from morning to night at my work, and never spoke a word, he'd be cross with me, and say, 'Just like Sam!'"

One night—it was the evening before the day the doctor had fixed for Bessie to come down into the drawing-room—Sam stole up to her room, and sat holding her hand by her bedside in the dark. Why did he hold it so tightly that night? and why did he kiss it again and again? Surely, too, some tears fell on that dear, good, gentle hand more than once!

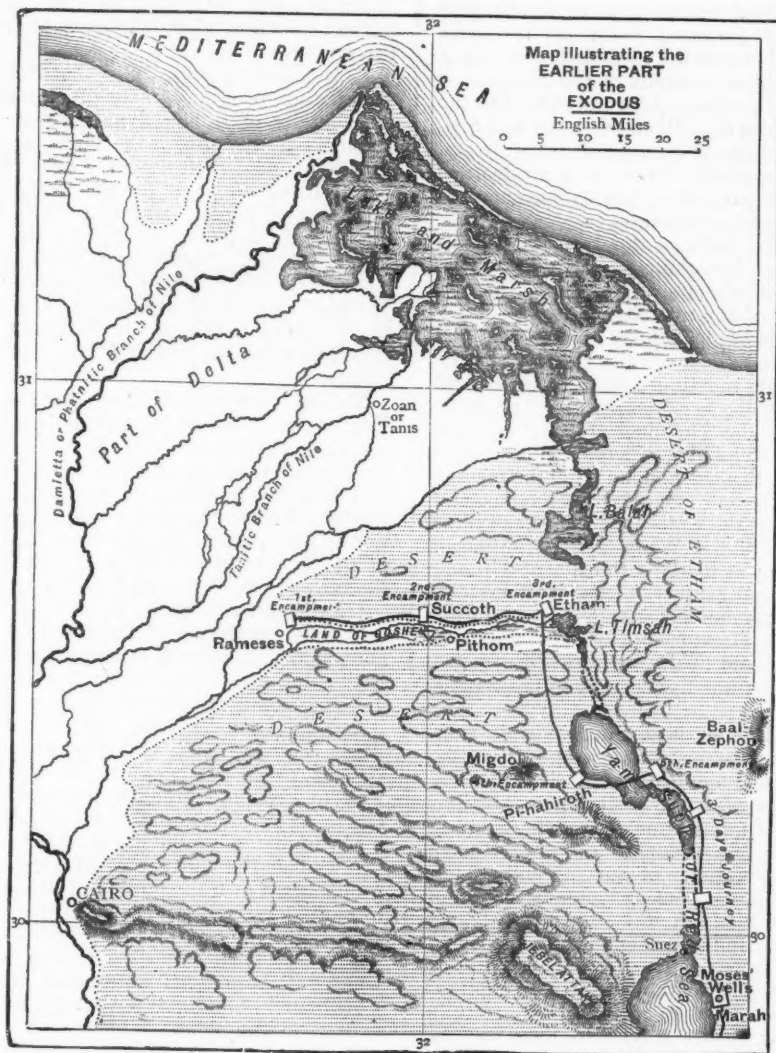
I personify the hand somewhat, and call it dear, and good, and gentle, because I think there is so very much in a hand. The hand seems to me to express the character in a most wonderful way—almost as much as the face—and therefore I do not think I overstep the limits of propriety when I call a hand good.

Bess was very tired that night. She had been walking about and preparing herself for her change of scene and room the next day, so that she fell asleep while Sam was holding her hand, and knew nothing of the kisses and the tears that fell upon it.

ROUGH NOTES OF A NATURALIST'S VISIT TO EGYPT.

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON, OF MONTREAL.

IV.—THE EXODUS.



NO event in Egyptian history is at all comparable in interest and importance with the Exodus of the Israelites, because this event had more influence than any other on the destiny of mankind. Yet the Exodus has no distinct record in what remains to us of native Egyptian history, and we gather what we know of it from the short narratives in the Mosaic books and the geographical features to which these narratives refer.

In so far as the journey of the Hebrews from

the Red Sea to Sinai is concerned, little remains to be done with reference to the geographical details. The admirable work of the Ordnance Survey in the Peninsula of Sinai has for ever settled all questions respecting the Mount of the Law and the way thither. It has done more than this, for the accurate labours of the scientific surveyor, while they have dissipated multitudes of theories formed by unscientific travellers, have vindicated in the most remarkable manner the accuracy of the narratives in Exodus and Num.

bers. Every scientific man who reads the reports of the Survey and studies its maps, must agree with the late Professor Palmer that they afford "satisfactory evidence of the contemporary character of the narrative." They prove, in short, that the narrator must have personally traversed the country, and must have been a witness of the events he narrates. More than this, they show that the narrative must have been a sort of daily journal, written from time to time as events proceeded, and not corrected even to reconcile apparent contradictions, the explanation of which only becomes evident on study of the ground.

The labours of the Survey did not extend to the route of the Exodus from Rameses to the Red Sea, and on that portion of it some uncertainty still exists, more especially since a very learned Egyptologist, Brugsch Bey, has endeavoured to support the theory that Rameses is identical with Zoan, and that the route of the Israelites lay not to the Red Sea, but along the border of the Mediterranean. Fortunately, the recent discovery by Mr. Naville* of the true site of Pithom at Tel el Mashuta in the Wady Tumilat, when conjoined with the fact that Pithom was the chief city of the district of Succoth mentioned in the Exodus, and that it was one of the two "store cities," or garrison towns, that the Israelites are said to have been compelled to build for Pharaoh in the land of Goshen, has thrown a flood of light on the subject. It marks one stage in the Exodus, and also carries with it the consequence that the ruins at the entrance of the Wady Tumilat, hitherto regarded by many as marking the site of Pithom, are really, in all probability, those of Rameses.† Further, as the monuments at both places indicate that Rameses the Great (or Rameses II) was their builder, the view held by the majority of Egyptologists that this king was the Pharaoh of the oppression is confirmed.

The site of Pithom is distinctly visible from the railway about twelve miles west of Ismailia, and presents the remains of fortifications and extensive granaries of crude brick, some portions of which probably date from before the Exodus, though the site was occupied down to Roman times as the chief town of Succoth and an important frontier post. During the construction of the Sweet-water Canal it was also selected as a principal station, and at present it is occupied by Arabs, who cultivate the ground in its vicinity. It possessed a temple to the god Ra in his aspect of Tum, in which he represents the setting sun, erected by Rameses II, and some of the objects connected with this temple exist in a remarkable state of perfection, and are of great interest as monuments contemporary with the residence of Israel in Egypt, and in the transport and placing of which the Hebrew bondsmen were no doubt employed. Among those transferred to the square of Ismailia, and accessible to every traveller, are three sitting figures in Syene granite,

rather larger than life. The central one is Rameses himself, and the gods Ra and Tum sit at either side. There is also a monumental stone of the same granite, inscribed with the record of the building of the temple, a beautiful sanctuary of the brown quartzite of Jebel Ahmar, and two sphinxes in the porphyritic diorite of Assouan. All these objects are in the best style of the art of the nineteenth dynasty, and, as set up in one of the chief cities of Goshen, were no doubt badges of the subjection of the Hebrews to the king and the priestly caste.

It is interesting to notice that Rameses I, the grandfather or grand-uncle of Rameses II, was the founder of a new dynasty, that Seti I and Rameses II, his son, were both constructors of important public works in Lower Egypt, that both carried on great foreign wars, draining the resources of Egypt, and that both were great temple-builders, and devoted to the interests of the priesthood. These facts illustrate the statement respecting a new king who "knew not Joseph," and afford reasons for the hardness of the bondage to which the Israelites were subjected as a foreign people doomed to compulsory labour.

Taking it for granted, then, that the time of the Exodus was in the reign of Menephtah, the son and successor of Rameses, that the Wady Tumilat was the land of Goshen, or a principal part of it, and that Rameses and Succoth were in this valley, let us study the geographical conditions of the question as they present themselves on an examination of the district, now very accessible by means of the railway from Cairo to Ismailia and Suez.

On the east side of the Delta of the Nile, about fifty miles north-east of Cairo, a narrow valley of cultivated soil extends eastward, with desert on both sides, for about eighty miles, or nearly as far as Ismailia, on the line of the Suez Canal where it crosses Lake Timsah. This valley, known as Wady Tumilat, and anciently as the land of Goshen, or Gesen, is only a few miles wide at its western end, and gradually narrows towards the east. As the desert sand is, however, encroaching on it from the south, and has, indeed, in places overwhelmed an ancient canal which at one time probably ran near the middle of the valley, it must formerly have been more extensive than at present. Recent surveys also render it certain that this valley once carried a branch of the Nile, which discharged its waters into the Red Sea. This branch, or a canal representing it, must have existed in the time of Moses. At present the valley is watered by the Sweet-water Canal, running from the Nile to Suez, and though probably inferior to the land of Goshen in its best days, it is still one of the most beautiful districts in Egypt, at least in its western part, presenting large stretches of fertile land covered with luxuriant crops, numerous cattle and sheep, large groves of date-palms, whose fruit is said to be the best in Egypt, and numerous populous villages; while it must always have been, what it now eminently is, a leading line of communication between Egypt and the countries to the east.

The position of this valley accords admirably

* Report of Egypt Exploration Fund, Dec., 1883.

† At least it seems certain that Rameses must have been one day's march to the west of Succoth, and therefore near the west end of Wady Tumilat.

with the Scriptural notices of it. It would be the only way of convenient entrance into Egypt for Jacob with his flocks and herds. It was separated to a great degree from the rest of Egypt, and was eminently suited to be the residence of a pastoral and agricultural people, differing in their habits from the Egyptians, and accustomed to the modes of life in use in Palestine. Possibly it may have been thinly peopled at the time, owing to the then recent expulsion of the Hyksos. The wonder is that the Israelites could have been induced voluntarily to leave so fine a country for the desert; and this can be accounted for only by the galling nature of the oppression which they were suffering.

At the date of the Exodus, as we are informed in Psalm lxxviii. 12, the court of Pharaoh was held in Zoan, or Tanis, about thirty miles to the north of the land of Goshen. We know from contemporary Egyptian sources that it was not unusual for the Egyptian kings at this period to reside at Tanis, especially when they had affairs of state in hand with the Semitic peoples in the Delta or with the subject provinces in Western Asia. At the time in question the disaffection of the Hebrews was itself a good reason for the royal residence being fixed at this place.

Goaded by oppression and stimulated by the exhortations and prophecies of Moses and Aaron, and by their appeals to the traditions of the race, the Hebrew bondsmen had assumed an attitude of passive resistance, and had probably gathered in great numbers at Rameses and its vicinity, a most convenient rallying-place, both for those in the land of Goshen and those scattered over other parts of Egypt. Moses and Aaron passed to and fro between Zoan and Rameses, acting as ambassadors of their people, and it is evident that this state of things continued for some time, neither party venturing to take a decisive step. The reason of this it is not difficult to understand. The king's chariot force assembled at or near Zoan commanded the land of Goshen. Any movement of retreat to the east on the part of the Hebrews could be checked by an advance on their flank. The Hebrews therefore could not move without the king's consent. Knowing this, and knowing also that the beginning of actual civil war might be the signal for rebellion among other subject Asiatic peoples, the king thought it best to temporise. It seems also very probable that the invasions of enemies from the west, which we know occurred in the reign of Menepthah, had obliged him to deplete or remove his garrisons on the eastern side of Egypt, thus giving a comparatively easy means of departure to the Israelites. Some such supposition seems necessary to account for the attitude taken up by the fugitives and the policy of the king. In such cases of political deadlock Divine Providence often cuts the knot. It was so in this instance.

The continued plagues inflicted on Egypt at length produced such discontent among the people that the king was forced to let the Hebrews go. The mandate was no sooner given than it was acted on at once and in haste. No time was to be lost, for if Pharaoh should change

his mind he still had the Israelites in his power for two days' march at least. Beyond that they might hope to be out of his reach. The camp at Rameses was therefore broken up; and, gathering their countrymen as they passed, and receiving from the Egyptians gifts and contributions in lieu of the property they had to leave behind, the host hurried on to the eastward, executing apparently in one day a march of twelve to fifteen miles. They are said to have reached the district of Succoth, and to have encamped within its limits, probably to the west of Pithom, and there is no more likely place for this encampment than the neighbourhood of Kassassin, where there is abundance of forage and water, and a defensible position, reasons which weighed in our own time with Sir Garnet Wolseley in selecting this as a halting-point in his march on Tel-el-Kebir. Meeting with no molestation or pursuit, they continued their march on the following day, and encamped at Etham, on the edge of the desert, or on the edge of the desert of Etham, at the eastern end of the Wady Tumilat. We learn from Numbers xxxiii. 8 that all the desert east of the present Suez Canal was called the desert of Etham; and the "edge" of this desert on the route followed by the Israelites must have been near the present town of Ismailia, at the head of Lake Timsah, then perhaps truly a lake of crocodiles, as its name imports, and sweetened by the waters of the Nile.

Probably the encampment was not far from the present Nefish station, a little west of the town of Ismailia; and it is worthy of note that here the desert presents, in consequence of its slight elevation above the bottom of the wady, a better defined "edge" than usual. From elevated portions of the desert surface at this place the bold front of Jebel Attaka can be seen in the distance, with the intervening lower range of Jebel Genefeh, and the green and now partly swampy flat of Wady Tumilat in the foreground. When at Ismailia we rode over this ground, and could imagine the Hebrew leader looking out from the sandhills behind his encampment with anxious eyes to the east and south, where his alternative lines of march lay, and to the west, whence Pharaoh's chariots might be expected to follow him.

At this point the desert portion of the journey direct to Palestine begins; and here, between Lake Timsah and Lake Ballat, is the highest part of the isthmus and the best road out of Egypt to the east. Here the people would be for the moment safe. Pharaoh could no longer attack them in flank, and if he approached from the west, a few resolute men could hold him in check, while the rest should flee eastward into the desert.

But here a new and at first sight strange order is given to the fugitives. They are not to go any farther eastward in what seems the direct road to Canaan, lest, as we are told, when opposed by the Philistines—at this time subject to or allied with Egypt—they should not have courage to advance. They are to turn to the south, at right angles to their former course, along the west side of Lake Timsah and the Bitter Lakes, the latter then pro-

bably the northern end of the Yam Suph or Red Sea. This would have the temporary advantage of keeping them for a little longer within reach of water and pasturage, but the great disadvantage of obliging them at some point to the southward to cross the Red Sea, an operation which they might hope to perform if unmolested and with abundance of time, but not otherwise. The explanation given to Moses is that by this movement "God is to be honoured on Pharaoh and his host," but in what way is not stated beforehand. In executing this apparently retrograde movement Moses appears to have kept in view, as heretofore, the wisest means to protect his people in all events, and without reference to any possible miracle. In moving to the south his flank would again be exposed for a time, but in the course of a few miles he would enter the narrow pass between the elevation known as Jebel Geneffeh and the Bitter Lake, and would again be protected on both flanks against the attack of a chariot force. This position of vantage he might reach in one day's march, and beyond this he would still be protected for several miles until the flat country opens out into the desert of Suez, and he would again be exposed to attack from the west, and would besides be in a district destitute of water. There can therefore be little doubt that he must have halted somewhere in the narrow plain between Geneffeh and the Bitter Lake, where he could hope for a time to make a stand against his pursuer and wait the development of events. Here accordingly, as we are informed in the narrative, at the close of the day's march in the evening, the chariots of Pharaoh were seen to be advancing in pursuit. Pharaoh had no doubt watched by scouts the march of the Israelites, and when he learned that they had turned to the south he at once decided to pursue them, interpreting their change of direction as caused by dread of the desert which had "shut them in;" and judging that, hemmed in by the sea, they were entirely at his mercy.

The full responsibility of his position was now upon the leader of the Exodus. He had, it is true, passed over the perilous open country between Etham and the defile of Geneffeh; but here he must make a stand. If he could repel the attack of Pharaoh, protected as his flanks were by the sea on one side and the mountains on the other, he might hope to gain time to pass his people over at the narrowest part of the sea to the south. But if he failed in this he would be driven into the open and waterless desert to the southward, and would be at the mercy of his foe, unless he could force his march thirty miles farther, and take up a position on the heights of Jebel Attaka, where, however, he would be destitute of water. But the children of Israel were in no mood to fight for their liberty, and it appears from the 14th of Exodus that they were prepared rather to surrender and return to Egypt. Moses remonstrated and assured them that the Lord would fight for them, but it was of no avail, and when he cried unto the Lord the order was given to plunge into the sea and cross it. Strangely enough, the people who would not fight were

willing to flee, even into the depths of the sea, and their faith was rewarded by a miraculous passage. But here arise several questions which deserve our attention. Before attending to these, however, let us summarise the narratives in Exodus and Numbers, that we may fully understand the movements of the Hebrews and the strategy of their leader as above described.

The command to depart was given by Pharaoh "in the night," and the people were "thrust out and could not tarry," so that they broke up early the next morning. And the children of Israel journeyed from Rameses to Succoth, "about 600,000 men besides children;" and a "mixed multitude" of Egyptian slaves went with them. They "pitched in Succoth," that is, within the boundary of that district. "They departed from Succoth and encamped in Etham, on the edge of the wilderness" of the same name. But God led them not "the way of the land of the Philistines," "lest peradventure the people repent when they see war, and return into Egypt." "But God led the people about the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea." So they were commanded to "turn" or "turn back," and to march to "Pi-hahiroth," which is near the sea "between Migdol and the sea" or "before Migdol," and "over against" or opposite to "Baal-zephon," which was probably on the opposite side of the sea. Here it was that the Egyptians came upon them.

A preliminary question here is as to the cause of the despair of the Hebrews when they found that they were pursued. The force employed against them was not large. It is stated as six hundred chariots, each probably carrying two men. It must, however, be borne in mind that this kind of force was the most formidable known at the time, and that the Egyptians were accustomed with it to rout great hosts of half-disciplined and poorly armed infantry. It was also in all probability only the advance guard of a much larger army, and intended to bring the Israelites to bay until the Egyptian infantry could close upon them. There was cause, therefore, for alarm, though Moses had evidently at every stage of the march selected positions suited to give his army, if it may be so called, the greatest possible advantage.

A still more important question is as to the precise place where the Hebrews were overtaken and where the crossing of the sea occurred. It is evident in the first place that no important town or city existed at the locality. This is implied in the description given and in the character of the names employed. The place of this great event was so important that care was taken to define it by mentioning three points, presumably well known to the narrator; but this method implies that there was no one definite name for the locality. All the names employed are Semitic, and not Egyptian, except perhaps the prefix "Pi" in one of them. Pi-hahiroth may have been a village, but its distinctive character is that of "place of reeds"—a reedy border of the sea, near the embouchure of fresh water from the Nile or Sweet-water Canal. Migdol cannot have been, as supposed by some, a fortified town. It would have been madness, with Pharaoh in their rear,

for the Israelites to have encamped near such a place. It must rather have been a commanding height used, as the name implies, as a watch-tower to command an extensive view or to give signals. Baal-zephon—"the Lord of the North"—is generally understood to have been a mountain, though both Jebel Attaka and the northern peak of Jebel er Rabah may lay claims to the title. In any case, the place so named by Moses was "opposite" to the camp of the Israelites, and consequently across the sea.

After somewhat careful examination of the country, I believe that only one place can be found to satisfy these conditions of the Mosaic narrative, namely, the south part of the Bitter Lake, between station Fayid on the railway and station Geneffeh. Near this place are some inconsiderable ancient ruins, and flats covered with *Arundo* and *Scirpus*, which may represent Pi-hahiroth. On the west is the high spur or peak known as Jebel Shebremet, more than five hundred feet high, commanding a very wide prospect, and forming a most conspicuous object to the traveller approaching from the north. Opposite, in the Arabian desert, rises the prominent northern point of the Jebel er Rabah, marked on the maps as Jebel Muksheih, and which may have been the Baal-zephon of Moses. Here there is also a basin-like plain, suitable for an encampment, and at its north side the foot of Jebel Shebremet juts out so as to form a narrow pass, easy of defence. Here also the Bitter Lake narrows and its shallower part begins, and a "strong east wind" along with a low tide would produce the greatest possible effect in lowering the water. This conclusion I have endeavoured to indicate on the rough map accompanying this paper. It may be further observed as an incidental corroboration that the narrative in Exodus states that after crossing the sea the Israelites journeyed three days and found no water. From the place above referred to three days' journey would bring them to the Wells of Moses, opposite Suez, which thus come properly into place as the Marah of the narrative, whereas the ordinary theory of a crossing at Suez would bring the people at once to these Wells. They are also said to have journeyed for three days in the wilderness of Etham, and then to have come to the wilderness of Shur, or the Wall, whereas the wilderness of Shur is directly opposite Suez, and not three days' journey to the south. The three days' journey from the place of crossing would not be long journeys, the whole distance being about thirty miles, but there was now no reason for haste, and the want of water would not be favourable to long marches.

The question has often been raised whether, at the time of the Exodus, the Red Sea extended farther north than at present. In answer to this it may be stated, in the first place, that the terms of the narrative in Exodus imply, and the geological structure of the country proves, that there must have been a land connection between Africa and Asia north of Ismailia, at the place which is now the highest point of the isthmus. Further, without entering into details, I may say that there are some geological reasons for the belief that

there has been in modern times a slight elevation of the isthmus on the south side and probably a slight depression on the north side. It seems also certain that in the time of Moses a large volume of Nile water was during the inundation sent eastward toward the Red Sea. There is therefore nothing unreasonable in supposing that, as assumed in this article, the Bitter Lakes at the time of the Exodus constituted an extension of the sea. Further, such an extension would be subject to considerable fluctuations of level occasioned by the winds and tides. These now occur towards the head of the sea. Near Suez I passed over large surfaces of desert, which I was told were inundated on occasion of high tides and easterly winds; and at levels which the sea now fails to reach, there are sands holding recent marine shells in such a state of preservation that not many centuries may have elapsed since they were in the bottom of the sea. Since my return to England I have found that Professor Hull takes nearly the same view with reference to the condition of the isthmus at the time of the Exodus, which has also been advocated by Ritter.

In conclusion of this part of the subject, a word may be said of the names of the Red Sea. In the Bible the sea crossed by the Israelites is the "Yam Suph," or sea of weeds.* This name I would attribute to the abundance of the beautiful green water-weed (*Ceratophyllum demersum*), which now grows very abundantly at the mouth of the Sweet-water Canal, and was probably much more abundant when a branch of the Nile ran into the narrow extension of the Red Sea now forming the Bitter Lakes. The name Red Sea is of later origin, and seems to have been derived from the colour of the rocks bordering its upper part. The eocene and cretaceous limestones assume by weathering a rich reddish-brown hue, and under the evening sun the eastern range glows with a ruddy radiance, which in the morning is equally seen on the western cliffs. Such an appearance would naturally suggest to early voyagers the name "Red Sea."

Another point of inquiry relates to the reasons why the army of Israel did not cross the neck of land between Lake Timsah and the Bitter Lakes rather than go farther south. A sufficient reason for this may appear to be the command to pass southward to the Red Sea, that God's purpose with reference to the Egyptians might be fulfilled. But if we look for prudential or strategical reasons in addition, these may be found in the difficulty of crossing at this place in face of an approaching Egyptian army, even if crossing there was practicable, which the considerations above stated render at least doubtful, and in the possible existence of Egyptian garrisons in this part of the isthmus, where at other periods they are known to have been posted. With reference to this last consideration, it has often been overlooked that the King of Egypt was, about this time, obliged to meet a serious invasion of Libyans and other peoples on the west, and that this may have compelled him

* It has been objected to the use of this name for the Red Sea that in Kings it is applied to the Gulf of Akaba. But it is likely that in later usage it was the name of both gulfs of the sea.

to withdraw or weaken his garrisons in the east. This would give special facilities to the movement of the Israelites, and was a providential aid in their favour, while the special places in which such weakening or removal had occurred may have acted as a determining cause in certain movements.

If we were to judge from the probable requirements of the circumstances, we might infer that the garrisons ordinarily kept at the fortified cities in Goshen had been removed, that the Philistines, then subject to Egypt, had been entrusted with the guardianship of the highest point of the isthmus, the regular route north of Lake Timsah, and that garrisons had been retained south of that lake, while they had been withdrawn from the eastern side of the Red Sea. In any case, it seems certain that movements of this kind, necessitated by the military exigencies of the time, must have affected the early stages of the Exodus more than is usually supposed.

The recent revelations of the Egyptian records give us the right to affirm in this connection that a remarkable preparator provision was made in the providence of God for the deliverance of His people, by political and military events altogether beyond their control. The campaigns of

Rameses II in Western Asia, extended as they were all the way to the banks of the Orontes, must have greatly weakened the Hittites and other nations of Canaan, while at the same time they created depletion and discontent in Egypt itself. The few years of the reign of Menepthah were harassed with the invasions of the Delta, to which reference has already been made, by the Libyans and other tribes from the west; and though these were repelled, this must have been with much loss to the Egyptians, and the eastern fortresses which held the Israelites in subjection must have been depleted of their garrisons. All these circumstances must have conspired with the increasing severity of the oppression to facilitate the mission of Moses and Aaron.

In this, as well as in the preceding articles, I have given my rough impressions, mostly written on the spot, and without access to means of reference which might have enabled me to quote those who have expressed similar or contrary views. My own conclusions are to be taken with the allowance due to such circumstances. They have at least such value as may attach to the first impressions of an observer of some experience in the study of difficult questions of geology and physical geography.



The Collier's Ward.

OR made we tak' tu her? I cau' rightly say—

Hardly gied it a thought—it seemed natral an' right.

I'd worked wi' her feyther for mony a day,

An' we used to goo drinkin' together o' night.

Yo'm right—I wau' allays a staid sober mon—

About like my mates, neyther better nor wuss:

Wi' we dogs, or we pigeons, we'd spoort allays on,

An' if we got drunk, nobry made any fuss.

As I was a sayin', I'd worked wi' Joe Dunn
Ever sence we wun lads up at Omerley Cross:
How well I remember the day he begun!
I'd got him the job to drive the gin hoss.

A moor roguisher hoss was never turned out,
An' p'r'aps Joe was tu hony a-whippin' him in,
For in less nor an hour th' hoss turned sharp about,
Pick'd up Joe wi' his teeth, an' run round i' the gin.

From then till he died we wun mates, Joe an' me,
At work or at play,—never had a cross word;
An' to see him killed djead seemed to come across me
Moor pow'rful nor ever a sermon I'd heard.

Yo see we wun holin', booth in the same stall,
At full length on wi' sides, an' peckin' away
At the coal up above we, wen down come a fall,
Missin' me, but crushin' poor Joe wheer he lay.

The rush o' the fall blowed the candles all out;
I hollered for lights, an' then crep' up to Joe,—
“Is it yo', Bill?” says he, “I'm dyin' I doubt,—
Con yo' pray fo' rae, Bill?”—Not a prayer did I know.

Just then I remebered I'd learnt the Lord's Prayer,
Soo I said to poor Joe, “Say ‘Our Feyther’ wi’ me.”
We said it together to “Thy will be done,”
Then he fainted wi' pain, an' loosed hold o' me.

Then up come the men, eager offrin' a hond,
An' we sot hard to work to get we mate free;
But the coal was soo rotten, it slipped just like sond,
We seemed hours at work, soo anxious wun we.

At last he was clear—we meuv'd the last log,—
He hauf turned, wi' a sikh, as if restless a-bed,—
Called his wife by her neyme, twice whistled his dog,
Said “Our Feyther,” an’ “Babby,” an’ “Bill,” an’ was djead!

He was draw'd up the shaft, an' we carried him whoam,
An', o' coorse, nobry worked that week i' the pit:
The gossips had to'd his wife all, 'fore we come,
An' the news knockt her down just as djead as a nit.

Her never recovered. Her'd allays been wek,
An' the shock brought a new trouble on 'fore its time,
The bright hopes as her'd cherished all ended in wreck,
An' the newly made widder died just in her prime.

At the fun'ral nex' Sunday the question come on
As to what mun be done wi' the little wench Jane;
Nobry spoke o' the workus,—I'm sure nary one
Would a-liked her sent theer, for the parish to train.

Theer was plenty o' offers to tak' the gal whoam;
Wheer they wanted the means, theer was no lack o' will.
But to me poor Joe's dyin' words seemed to come
When he said "Our Feyther," an' "Babby," an' "Bill."

I thought, "He's lef' her atween God an' me:
He'd a stood by *my* kids if I'd a-bin kill'd."
Soo I axed 'em to wait while I went whoam to see
What the missis thought best to du wi' the child.

I was sune across whoam, an' the fust thing I see
Was Jane's bright curly yed (just the spit o' poor Joe's!);
Our lads had been makin' her loff in high glee,
At the dog, standin' beggin', wi' bread on his nose.

I beckoned the missis, and took her outside—
"Wot'n yo' say, Bet, about we a-takin' tu *her*?"
"Why I thought nuthin' else from the minit they died,
Her's here, an' her's happy, an' do' want to stir.

"Yo' known, Bill, we allays hau wished for a gel:
We'm poor, but her bit wo' be missed wi' the rest:
I've nussed her for weeks, wen her mother wau' well,
An' sometimes dai' know which the little 'un loved best.

"Theer's nobry moor rights nor we hau to the child:
Yo'n allays been just like a brother to Joe:
An' I'm sure t'would a druv poor Lucy hauf wild
If her'd thought I should ever ha' let the wench goo."

I was glad, an' went back feelin' proud o' my wife
(Her wus whoamly, but true, I ne'er seed her match yet);
I to'd 'em we'd took to Joe's orphan for life,
An' them as dai' like it mun tauk tu our Bet.

I thought that 'ud settle 'em, fur tho' her was kind
(In gossip or brodglin' yo'd ne'er heer her vice),
Her'd got a keen way o' spaikin' her mind,
Soo as nobry wanted her tung sauce served twice.

Soo we brought up the little un like one o we own—
Maybe a bit better, her bein' a gel;
Seem'd like chaney to delf to our rough chaps, yo' known.
Yes.—We'm paid for we trouble,—I know that right well.

Wot made me turn sayrious? Joe's djeath for wun thing:
We'd been allays together at work or at play;
O' drinkin' an' spoort I tried havin' my fling,
But I'd no pleasure in it, now Bill was away.

Like a fish out o' weyter, I couldner find rest;
The happiest time was my evenin's awhoam,
A nussin' Joe's babby, but e'en at my best
A mis'able feelin' o' danger 'ud come.

I kep' thinkin' o' Joe, an' how sudden he went,
An' I know'd as his case might be mine any day,
An' I thought o' his looks, as o'er him I leant,
When he axed me soo sollum if I couldner pray.

I'd said "Our Feyther" aich mornin' an' night
Ever sence, like a spell to quiet my fear;
But goo wheer I would, I trembled wi' fright,
An' God seemed to be watchin' me everywhere.

Just then the church curate come visitin' we,
To look after young Jane, an' he noticed me sad,
An' he to'd me as how God was sorry for me,
Fur He know'd as Joe's djeath had made me feel bad.

I'd ne'er heerd as God cared fur rough chaps such as me,
Except to be down on we when we did wrung;
An' the thought o' His pity soo took ho'd o' me,
I was singin' His praises afor very lung.

I went reg'lar to church, an' jined the night skule,
Spent my evenin's in readin', an' singin', an' prayer,
No longer I wasted my wage like a fule,
I've had plenty sence then, an' a trifle to spare.

Soo we never repented adoptin' the gel,
Jane brought nuthin' but brightness an' blessin' to we;
If I hadn't her now to look after me well,
What a poor loonly widower sure I might be.

Yes,—I'm lef' all aloon.—My wife? Her's been djead—
Why, six 'ears this last wake.—But the chaps, they went fust;
Tew on 'em wun blow'd i' th' owd pit at Spring Year,
An' th' owdest was drown'd when the raservie bust.

They all layin' together, not fur from poor Joe.
The youngest?—I cau' tell yo' wheer *his* dust lies
On'y God seed *him* buried;—I reckon He'll know
Wheer it was wen He calls we at last all to rise.

Yo' see, the pit fired. We dampt down the shaft
To put out the fire, but it burnt on for weeks;
An' all as we fun' when we opened the draft
Wus a buckle, a 'bacca-box, shovels an' picks!

Yes, I'm lef' all aloon—leastwise Janey an' me;
No daughter could tend me wi' mooe cheerful will;
An' her ses if her feyther wus here, stid o' me,
Her could love him no moor nor her does "Uncle Bill."

Du I think her'll get married? Why, in co-orse I du.
Yung Gray, the ground bailli', comes coortin' quite strung:
He's a fine strappin' chap, stiddy, sober an' true,
An' he's got a rare job, although he's soo yung.

If my o'dest had lived *he'd* a married our Jane ;
I'd noticed him mopin' an' lookin' quite bad ;
I guessed wot wus up, an' it filled me wi' pain,
Seein' Jane tak' no care, an' fight shy o' the lad.

I was but a fule—I can see thru it now—
Her wus tryin' to hide wot her felt fur poor Tum ;
An' wen he was drown'd, I shall ne'er forget how
Her kiss'd his djead cheek wen we carried him whoam.

Her's had chaunces sence then o' changin' her state,
But her dai' seem to let the men trouble her yead,
Till John Gray come, and he's had to promise to wait,
An' not ax her to marry till after I'm djead.

I was near loffin' out an' spilin' the game
One night wen I heard her a-tellin' yung Gray ;
They thought I was sleepin', but, moor to my shame,
I couldner help lissnin' wot her'd got to say.

Her to'd him her *liked* him, but he'd ha' to wait,
Fur nuthin' should tempt her to leave "Uncle Bill."

He argued an' begged, but her gied it 'im straight ;
If he wanted her he mun abide by her will.

I wo' let 'em wait long ;—I see why yo' loff ;—
I do' mean to *die* tu oblige 'em, dear no !
Thank God ! I'm tu happy to wish to goo off ;
I'd suner oblige 'em by livin', d'yo' know ?

I'm a' a'terin' a house at the top o' the lane,
An' addin' tu new little chambers fur me ;
I ha't said a word about it to Jane,
Nor to Gray,—but I know *he'll* be pleased as con be.

I shall feel like the prophet at Shunem up theer,
Wi' my bed an' my table, my sate an' my light,
Tho' I shau' be content wi' wot he was, I fear,
Fur I like a armchair an' my pipe of a night.

I mean havin' it settled at Chris'mus—that is,
If Jane'll heer reason ;—I think her'll be led.—
If yo' should be here fur your next holidis
Yo'w p'r'aps be in time to see the pair wed.

TOM BROWN.

INDIAN FABLES.

COLLECTED FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES BY P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU, B.A.

THE MAN OF LUCK AND THE MAN OF EFFORT.

A KING in the East said to his minister, "Do you believe in luck?" "I do," said the minister. "Can you prove it?" said the king. "Yes, I can," said the minister. So one night he tied up to the ceiling of a room a parcel containing peas mixed with diamonds, and let in two men, one of whom believed in luck and the other in human effort alone. The former quietly laid himself down on the ground; the latter after a series of efforts reached the parcel, and feeling in the dark the peas and the stones, ate the former, one by one, and threw down the latter at his companion, saying, "Here are the stones for your idleness." The man below received them in his blanket.

In the morning the king and the minister came to the room and bade each take to himself what he had got. The man of effort found he had nothing beyond the peas he had eaten. The man of luck quietly walked away with the diamonds. The minister said to the king, "Sire, there is such a thing as luck; but it is as rare as peas mixed with diamonds. So, I would say, 'Let none hope to live by luck.'"

THE THIEF AND THE FOX.

A man tied his horse to a tree and went into an inn. A thief hid the horse in a wood, and stood near the tree as if he had not done so. "Did you see my horse?" said the man. "Yes," said the thief, "I saw the tree eat up your horse." "How could the tree eat up my horse?" said the man. "Why, so it did," said the thief. The two went to a fox and told him of the case. The fox said, "I am dull. All last night the sea was on fire; I

had to throw a great deal of hay into it to quench the flames; so come to-morrow, and I shall hear your case." "Oh, you tell a lie," said the thief; "how could the sea burn? how could hay quench the flames?" "Oh, you tell a lie," said the fox, with a loud laugh; "how could a tree eat up a horse?" The thief saw his lie had no legs, and gave the man his horse.

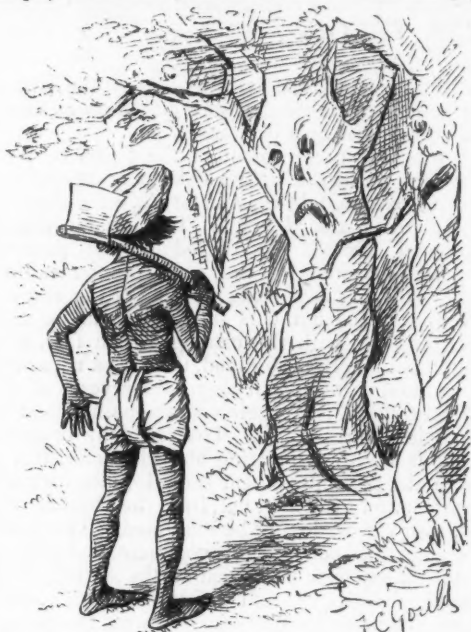
THE SNAKE AND THE PARROT.

A snake said to a parrot, "Ah! I really envy your life; how people fondle you! Why, everybody calls you a pet!" "Yes," said the parrot, "if you will be as good and kind to people as I am, and try to amuse them as I do, they will treat you also as a pet." "I will," said the snake; and, creeping to a farmer's door, hissed aloud, as much as to say, "I do not wish to be wicked like other snakes. I wish to be kind and good to you, and amuse you like the parrot." But the farmer killed the reptile at a stroke, saying, "'Tis quite out of the way, this, for a snake to say!" Goodness in the wicked can seldom be credited.

THE WORKMAN AND THE TREES.

A woodman entered a wood with his axe on his shoulders. The trees were alarmed, and addressed him thus: "Ah, sir, will you not let us live happily some time longer?" "Yes," said the woodman, "I am quite willing to do so, but as often as I see this axe I am tempted to come to the wood and do my work in it. So I am not to blame so much as this axe." "We know," said the trees, "that the handle of the axe, which is a piece of the branch of a tree in this very wood, is more to blame than the iron; for it is that which

helps you to destroy its kindred." "You are quite



right," said the woodman; "there is no foe so bitter as a renegade."

THE OWL AND HIS SCHOOL.

An owl named Old Wisdom kept a school. Everybody went to him to take lessons. After some time he wished to know what progress they had made in their studies. So he gave them a number of questions to answer. The first was, "Why does the moon shine in the sky?" The nightin-

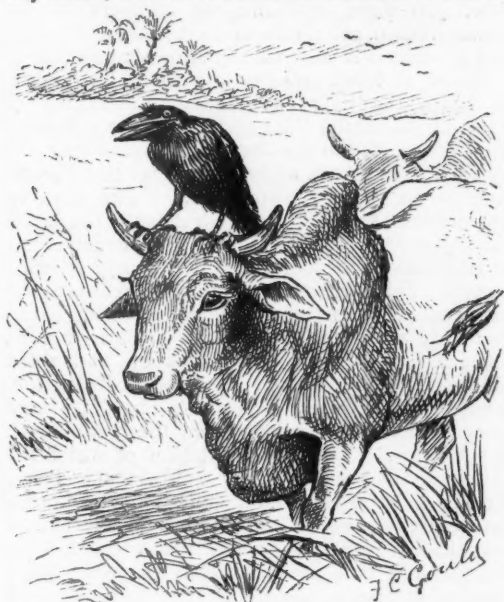


gale said, "That I might sing all night in his pleasant light to my bride, the rose." The lilies

said, "That we may open our petals and enjoy his loving and refreshing beams." The hare said, "That there may be enough of dew in the morning for me to lap." The dog said, "That I may find out thieves prowling round my master's house." The glow-worm said, "That he may throw me into the shade, for he envies my light." The fox said, "That I may see my way to the poultry-yard." "Enough!" said Old Wisdom. "It is but one moon that shines in the sky, yet how each brings him to serve his own purpose! Self reigns supreme!"

THE RAVEN AND THE CATTLE.

One evening, as the cattle were wending their way home, a raven rode on the horns of a bull in



the herd; and as he approached the cottage told the farmer, "Friend, my work for the day is over: you may now take charge of your cattle." "What was your work at all?" said the farmer. "Why," said the raven, "the arduous task of watching these cattle and bringing them home." "Am I to understand you have been doing all the work for me?" said the farmer. "Certainly," said the raven, and flew away with a laugh. Quoth the farmer with surprise, "How many there are that take credit for things which they had never done!"

THE NYMPHS LUCK AND ILL-LUCK.

Two nymphs named Luck and Ill-luck who lived in a wood wished to know which of them was more beautiful than the other. They went to a fox in the wood and asked him for his opinion.

He turned to them and said, "I can give no opinion unless you walk to and fro for a while." So they did. Quoth the fox to Luck, "Madam, you are indeed charming when you come in." Quoth he to Ill-luck, "Madam, your gracefulness is simply inimitable when you go out!"

THE PARIS ANNUAL SALON.

THE Parisian exhibition of pictures, the annual opening of which slightly precedes that of our Royal Academy of Arts, has been known to fame for nearly two centuries as the "Salon."

The earlier exhibitions of the works of living painters were originally held under kingly patronage, and the hospitalities of a royal residence were accorded the artists of France. It is difficult to fix the precise date at which the organisation was sufficiently complete to warrant the issue of a "livret," or printed catalogue; but one is mentioned as early as 1667, from which date, with some omissions, the registers may be considered to extend down to the comprehensive and illustrated catalogues of the present Salons.

In the national archives is a letter dated 1699, in which the king authorises the Academy of Painting to exhibit their pictures in the gallery of the Louvre, "from the door of the small staircase up to the Tuileries, taking care that the Louvre may in no way be disordered." The date of opening was fixed for the 25th August, the anniversary of "la Fête du Roi;" the Academicians or their Associates had alone the privilege of exhibiting. This restriction was not so exclusive as it may appear; the number of members of the Royal Academy was not limited to an arbitrary figure; when an artist gave indications of undoubted ability he easily obtained the desired distinction. Thus in 1776 nearly a hundred Academicians and forty Associates are set down in the "Almanach des Artistes." The first exhibition of which the catalogue is preserved was held in the Palais Royal; in 1699 the grand gallery of the Louvre received their works, and from 1737 the annual exhibitions were held in the Salon Carré, from which their title is presumably derived. As a mark of deference, and an acknowledgment of the assistance rendered by Colbert for the organisation of the earlier Academy exhibitions, the Minister charged with the direction of the Fine Arts was looked upon as the official promoter of the Salon. After Colbert, and after Mansard, when the post of "superintendent" was suppressed, the "Director of the King's Buildings" inherited the prerogative of ordering the exhibitions. During the eighteenth century the different personages who filled this office—the Duc d'Antin, M. Orry, M. Le Normand de Tournehem, le Marquis de Marigny, l'Abbé Terray, and finally the Count d'Angivillier—figure at the head of the catalogues as administrators of the successive Salons. The exhibitions were opened to the public gratuitously, the revenue being raised from the sale of catalogues, fixed at sixpence throughout the eighteenth century. The portraits of royal personages were generally surrounded with some special decoration: in 1751 the portrait of Louis xv, by Carle Van Loo, was placed on a dais furnished for the occasion from the "Garde Meuble;" and in 1755 Latour's grand pastel, now in the museum of the Louvre, which represents Madame de Pompadour,

was the object of special attention on the part of the acting committee; it was placed on an easel, and surrounded by a balustrade.

A pictorial presentment of the Salon of 1787 has been preserved in the extremely careful engraving executed by P. A. Martini, of which we now give a reduced copy. The artist patiently employed himself to reproduce the pictures as they appeared on the walls of the exhibition. Nothing is wanting to identify the respective works; the numbers they bore can be read and compared with the catalogue. In fact, as a contemporary critic observed, this was a necessary precaution, as without it there are several of the subjects which, from their minuteness, it would be impossible to recognise. The company of spectators is highly interesting and characteristic; a few of the personages bear small initials, for their identification evidently, but, from the absence of a key, they can no longer be identified. The Salon of 1787 excited considerable comment, and a crowd of pamphlets were published on the subject, both critical, descriptive, and satirical. The notices which appeared on the occasion were themselves submitted to animadversion, and a work entitled "Critique des Quinze Critiques du Salon 1787" embodied an analysis of the whole. P. A. Martini's engraving comes in with the rest for a share of criticism. The artist is praised for the exactitude of his work, and the "epigraphe" or motto attached to the print, "Lauda Conatum," is rendered "à louer ses efforts," as indicating the description of praise his exertions in miniature merited. The print was published by Bonnet the painter in Paris, and appeared simultaneously in London. The same year Ramberg produced a pair of similar views of our own Royal Academy Exhibition, also engraved by P. A. Martini. It was reproduced in the pages of this journal as an interesting souvenir of the past history of the Academy. It will be observed in the present reproduction of the Salon of 1787 that the pictures are distinct, and their subjects can be identified.

The best pictures, according to contemporaneous opinion, were those by Regnault, "Orestes Recognising his Sister Iphigenia," "The Death of the Duke of Brunswick," by Wille the younger; while David's painting of "The Death of Socrates" produced the most vivid sensation, it being declared that sensitive spectators shared the sorrows and apprehensions expressed on the countenances of the friends who are watching the philosopher's last moments. The most interesting work in the exhibition, even in the views expressed at the time, was Madame Vigée Le Brun's painting of the Queen of France and her children, now in the museum of Versailles. It will be seen that the royal family was still the object of admiration and respect in 1787. The portraiture of Marie Antoinette and her children gave occasion for numerous eulogies, both in prose and verse, the complimentary nature of which is entirely contradictory



EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AT THE SALON OF THE LOUVRE, 1787

From an old Print after P. A. Marini.

of the adverse opinions expressed concerning these august unfortunates only a year or two later.

It has been said that art is the imitation of nature, which has been translated into the "creation of an ideal reflected through the prism of society." This phrase has more truth than at first seems feasible. It is only necessary to take a general survey of French art to note how largely fashion influences the expression of art. But if all schools have contented themselves with repetitions of the manners and literature of their day, it is noteworthy, according to M. Jules Renouvier, how they have been influenced also by the form of government.

France under successive monarchies allowed native art to be largely dominated by the powers that existed, even beyond the influence due to royal patronage. In the present day the popular political bias impels artists to a sturdy republican train of ideas; while the literature most in fashion—the representation of realism, pushed to coarseness and often repulsive both as to theme and treatment—disposes the painters to seek their ideal in the same direction. The suggestions of the wineshop, the laundries, the workshops, and *ateliers*, are adopted with a brusque vigour, striking, it is true, but neither elevating nor improving.

In the eighteenth century, when the art most popularly recognised as that of the "French school" had its sway, the painters found congenial materials ready to hand in the dainty artificiality of the time. The works of their original masters, Watteau, Boucher, Lancret, Vanloo, Chardin, Greuze, Fragonard, and Vien may be taken as the mirror of the Court, the drawing-rooms, and the theatres; the echoes of the poets, philosophers, romance-writers, and antiquaries.

The advent of the Revolution completely changed the characteristics of art, as it seemed to overturn most things else. In 1791 the general emancipation from hereditary restraints was presumed to offer a salutary prospect for art. Quatremère de Quincy, himself an artist, and a member of the Directory, wrote: "The reign of liberty ought to open a new career to the arts; the greater the pride a nation acquires in herself by the sentiment of freedom, the more jealous she becomes to consecrate her monuments to the faithful representation of her manners, usages, and customs."

In 1789 the Academy maintained the supremacy it had held for more than a century. The "Brutus" by David, and Peyron's picture of the "Death of Socrates," had established the success of the new principles; while the latest elections of Denon, Moreau, Fragonard, and Debucourt, as Academicians or Associates, demonstrated that the council knew how to favour the styles then popular. Later the sympathies of the entire body appeared enlisted by the earlier stages of the Revolution. September 7, 1789, the female artists, wives and daughters of Academicians, incited by Madame Moitte's writings to imitate the patriotism of the women of Rome, assembled to the number of one hundred and thirty, bearing their jewels and precious ornaments, which they consigned as a patriotic gift to the National Assembly,

twenty-two of their body being chosen as a deputation to the Chamber for that purpose. "Those who were charged to bear this offering," said Chamfort, "united to the graces of their sex the glories of art and talents, the inheritance of their families, their fathers, their husbands, and even of themselves, for many among them could successfully reproduce by pencil or brush the picture of which they formed part." The members of the Assembly, moved with enthusiasm, desired that the countenances of these patriotic and charming citizens should be transmitted to posterity by means of an invention then in vogue and practised by the miniaturist Quénédey.*

The harmonious sentiments with which the new régime was welcomed were of short duration. In the course of the season of 1790 excited discussions took place in the Academy. The theories of equality, which unsettle the vocations of artists, came into conflict with the privileges of the corporation; the Associates claimed equal rights with the Academicians, and the body assumed the title of the "Central Academy." The exhibition of 1791 was the first departure from the traditions of the past, when by a decree of the National Assembly the old prerogative in favour of members was set aside and the works of all artists without distinction were admitted. The election of a jury for selection was still left to the executive, but on the showing of Wille only two exhibits were excluded. The works filled the grand staircase of the Louvre, the Grand Salon, as shown in the minute etching by Martini, and part of the gallery. "The Salon," wrote Daquin,† "is the foremost and grandest picture of Liberty that has yet been offered to our eyes. It is from this bold admixture of all productions that genius will derive fresh forces and the nation will draw new riches." The spirit of equality strongly characterised the views of art as expressed at this date. "In an empire where men are free," said Chéry, "the arts should be the same. It is those which enlighten mankind, elevate the soul, and teach the love of liberty. The National Assembly, penetrated with these principles, has broken the chains which kept them captive and bound down. Intrigues shall no longer fetter genius!" The honours of the Salon were reserved for David and his school. Besides his three pictures, "Brutus," "The Death of Socrates," and "The Horatii," he exhibited the design for the "Oath of the Tennis Court," a subject now chiefly interesting as belonging to contemporaneous illustration. Fabre exhibited "The Death of Abel," Vernet "The Triumph of Paulus Emilius," while Regnault divided the popular distinctions with his pictures of "Socrates and Alcibiades," "Jupiter and Calisto," "The Education of Achilles," and his "Scene from the Deluge."

The Academy still existed in 1792, when a director had to be elected for Rome. A few days

* The process known as the "Physionotrace," or facsimile tracing from life, which gave a mechanical outline of the features, subsequently reduced and engraved in miniature. These profile portraits, practised by Chrétien, the alleged inventor, and perfected by Edme Quénédey, are much prized on account of the actual reproduction of the features and the accuracy of the details of costume.

† "Almanach littéraire."

after the choice had been made the post was suppressed by the Convention, influenced by David. In 1793 the same body took part in the arrangement of the pictures in the gallery of the Museum (the Louvre), then just founded, but shortly after it succumbed to divisions amongst the members. In July, 1793, the Convention decreed the suppression of all Academies, and constituted a "General Commune" of the Arts, which received all artists indiscriminately. Restout was named President of the new body, and the exhibition of 1793 was opened in August under the new auspices. It does not seem to have equalled the preceding ones; neither David nor Regnault contributed. David was too absorbed with politics. In the "Salle de la Convention," however, might be seen this painter's "Michael Lepelletier on his Death-bed," and he was still at work on the companion picture of "Marat Assassinated in his Bath," productions typical of the Revolutionary frenzy. In the Salon were a few pictures treating of contemporaneous history.

The "Commune des Arts" soon fell behind the Revolutionary tide; it was accused of "academic prejudices," and abandoned by the patriots, even before its dissolution was decided by a decree.*

Contemporaneous subjects were not noticeable in the Salon from the years of the Republic five to ten. "The Siege of the Bastille" was painted by Thévenin, "The Siege of Grandville" by Lesueur, "The Triumph of the People on the 10th of August" by Hennequin, and "Le Neuf Thermidor" by Mouchet; but art as then constituted turned for the representation of existing passions to classic history, while the agitated feelings of the hour posed under an antique masquerade. Pericles and Gracchus were substituted for the actual magistrates and legislators; Belisarius, Orestes, Orpheus, and the like, became a pretext for the portrayal of existing horrors and the misfortunes which then attacked every section of the community.

Under the Consulate and Empire the annual Salon became the theatre for the pictorial display of the Napoleonic triumphs, and the huge battle canvases which recorded the career of the French army were the most prominent features. Callet painted "Bonaparte à 18 Brumaire," Gros painted him at Jaffa, C. Vernet at Marengo, Isabey at Sèvres, while it was reserved for David to furnish the vast canvases depicting, to excite the national vanity, the apotheoses of the empire, from the "Passage of the Alps" to the "Distribution of the Eagle Standards."

The exhibitions of the Salon continued to be held at the Louvre until 1848, when it was felt that the temporary installation of modern works in the National Museum entailed inconveniences, and in 1849 the annual display was transferred to the Tuileries; in 1850 it was held at the Palais Royal, and in 1853 at the Menus Plaisirs. In 1855 the

Salon found a home at the Universal Exposition, held in the "Palais des Beaux Arts," henceforth reserved for the reception of the annual exhibition of the works of living artists. The building constructed as an industrial exposition has since been known as the "Palais des Champs Elysées."

The Academy of Fine Arts, one of the five academies which compose the organisation of the Institute, was founded in 1648 by the union of various distinctive bodies. The constitution of the Académie des Beaux Arts was completed in 1671, when the three academies of painting and sculpture, music, and architecture became consolidated under one corporation, consisting, like our own Royal Academy, which was not founded until a century later, of forty Academicians, ten Associates, ten foreign members, and forty corresponding members. This Academy publishes a "Dictionary of the Fine Arts," and distributes various prizes. The weekly meetings are held on Saturdays, and the public *séance* in October.

The Ecole des Beaux Arts forms a noble school for the instruction of art students; it opens gratuitously the opportunities for study to all sections, admitting its pupils to the advantages of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the Cabinet of Engravings; it has in its keeping a special library of works upon art, and designs, besides treasures of original studies by the greatest artists. The lectures are divided into eight courses of history and general science; the professorate consists of fourteen masters selected from the most eminent painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers, under whose inspection the candidates pursue their studies in the respective branches they have chosen. The students number eleven hundred. Half-yearly competitions are open to the students of painting and sculpture, while the works of those studying architecture are judged every two months. Each year are allotted those important prizes, "les prix de Rome," which entitle those who have achieved this distinction to the solid advantage of spending four years in Rome, a subsidy being provided for their support. The instruction persistently imparted to students has one manifest result—the artists trained under these auspices obtain an exceptionally accurate mastery over drawing, which is the most noticeable quality of their productions.

The "grand prize of Rome" has been the distinction of the greatest names associated with the French Academy of Painting. The pencil of Delaroche has given enduring fame to the earliest recipients of this honour; his grand fresco, which appropriately adorns the "Salle des Grands Prix" of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, exhibits among other recipients of the "prix de Rome" the figures of David, Ingres, Girodet, Lethière, Gros, Prudhon, and Gérard.

It has been advanced by many, and notably by M. J. J. Guiffrey in his notes on the Salons of the eighteenth century, that the constitution of the Beaux Arts is too exclusive, and that the council is too restricted numerically to fairly represent the full expression of French art. Since 1800 the body, until quite recently all-powerful as regards the exclusion of the outside world, has been com-

* Restout, the president, was pronounced an indifferent painter and a still more indifferent citizen. His name is more notorious in association with the famous theft of the crown jewels from the Garde Meuble, of which branch of the national spoil he acted as commissioner for the executive power. He was imprisoned in Saint Lazare for fifteen months for his supposed complicity in this robbery, the mystery of which has never been cleared up.

posed of fourteen painters, eight sculptors, eight architects, four engravers, and six musicians. The musicians belong to the Academy of Music, and are not required to concern themselves with painting or sculpture; the architects have also joined themselves to a distinct corporation exclusively occupied with the advancement of their special branch. Consequently the acting body consisted of twenty-six Academicians, representing painting, sculpture, and engraving. Of late years the management of the Salon has been emancipated from its ancient control; the disagreements which too frequently characterised the affairs of the council resulted in a revolution, Government leaving the income derived from the sale of catalogues—once the sole source of revenue—and the money received from admissions to meet the current expenses; the committee charged with the responsibility of representing the numerous body of artists being selected by the exhibitors, who are entitled to vote for the election of their own executive. The influence of the Academy, as regards the direction of the Salon, has thus been weakened, since all exposants or contributors possess the privilege of a vote, and all qualified candidates, whether of the Beaux Arts or "outsiders," are equally eligible for election on the administration. During the few years since this new order of things was established, a wider success has crowned the exhibitions; the funds, too, have increased, and a considerable surplus has accumulated and been added to the revenue, now independent of Government control. Like our own Royal Academy, it is no doubt destined to gather wealth, the fitting disposal of which may create fresh problems. A century back, at the

time when Martini's engraving was issued, not more than two or three hundred works were exhibited; the number now averages five thousand.

The exhibits at the present annual Salons, beyond their vast number—and even the Palais d'Industrie is insufficient for the reception of all the works worthy to be displayed—strike the observer, in at least one respect, as rising above the general level of our Academy exhibitions, and that is in the place given to more ambitious productions. Many of the pictures are evidently painted for fame solely, and quite without any view to possible advantage in the way of finding purchasers. Many are simply large canvases, often bold conceptions, but frequently so crude, and even repugnant, that nothing but a passion for notoriety of an objectionable kind, and a misdirected employment of talent, can account for their production. The aspirations of young and rising artists seem to impel them to offer "hostages to fortune" in the way of enormous pictures, but this tendency is not altogether without compensatory qualities. To produce any great work a sound fundamental knowledge of drawing is indispensable; and this outlet for energy is healthy in other ways, especially lifting art above the mere shopkeeping principles too prevalent of late, which tempt crowds of capable artists of all countries "to fling away ambition," and limit themselves to the production of such works as command the readiest sale—a respectable motive, and reasonable within due limitations, but one which carried out indiscriminately or pushed to extremes leads inevitably to degeneracy in those practitioners whose aspirations are thus restricted.

JOSEPH GREGO.

FISH CULTURE.

BY HENRY LEE, F.L.S., F.G.S., ETC.

WHEN the "Great International Fisheries Exhibition" of 1883 was finally closed, and the varied collection of objects which had attracted to it so many thousands of visitors had been rapidly removed, those who had felt an anxious interest in its objects and its success had leisure to reflect upon its probable results. The first questions that suggested themselves to every thoughtful mind were, "What has this exhibition taught us?" and "Will it really conduce to the improvement of our fisheries, and the amelioration of the condition of our fishermen and those dependent on them?"

That much important instruction was to be gained from it was, from the first, perceptible; but there was grave reason for doubt whether the benefit to be derived from this would be confined to the acquisition of additional theoretical knowledge by a few persons capable of appreciating it, or whether it would be rendered permanently, practically, and publicly useful.

The committee of the exhibition did everything in their power to promote the interchange of national opinions and experience by the holding

of conferences open to free discussion of the views and systems of practical men of various countries. That the advantage obtained from the statements thus elicited should not be merely transitory, the papers read and the discussions of them were published at a low price. Treatises upon various special subjects connected with the exhibition were also issued. It was a great thing accomplished that, so far as was possible, the knowledge acquired was recorded, but more than this was necessary. If this knowledge were to be fully utilised it must be progressive. The exhibition was not to be looked upon as a camp from which, when it was broken up, the army of students was to return to its old quarters, but as a strong position from which a fresh advance might be made.

The first lesson learned was that Great Britain is far behind other countries, and even some of her own colonies, in practical fish-culture. The artificial hatching of the eggs of the Salmonidæ, and their protection by laws prohibiting their capture at certain seasons of the year, and other judicious regulations, have been carried on for

many years with very gratifying and increasing success: but even in this it was found that Canada could give us many valuable hints. Every reader of these lines probably knows that the salmon quits the sea annually, and runs up some suitable river (some say that in which it was born), in order to deposit its eggs in the gravel of the upper waters of the stream. During the long journey which this often involves, the gravid fish has to pass through dangers innumerable, and to incur such risks of capture, by lawful or unlawful means, that it is surprising how any salmon reach the spawning beds at all. If this be achieved, and the natural process of the deposition and fertilisation of the ova be successfully performed, the return journey down the river has its dangers also; and even if these be escaped many of the male fish die exhausted before they reach the invigorating water of the estuary or the open sea. Mr. Samuel Wilmot, who was the commissioner for the Canadian Government at the Fisheries Exhibition, showed a model and plans of a Canadian fishery establishment, where the salmon are intercepted in the salt water whilst on their way to the spawning grounds in the fresh water far away from the sea, and allowed to remain in salt-water pools until their eggs are ready to be shed. They are then artificially spawned, and their eggs impregnated, and placed in troughs of running water, where the young fish are developed in them, and in due time hatched, whilst the parent fish, male and female, are turned loose into the sea-water; and, having no longer any motive for undertaking the long and perilous voyage upstream, go to sea at once, and immediately begin to increase in size and weight.

The cultivation of pond fishes and those which are known as the "coarse fish" of rivers, which is largely practised on the Continent, has fallen into disuse amongst us. When Roman Catholicism was the religion of the country the growth of freshwater fishes in ponds and "stews" was everywhere encouraged, and was, in fact, necessary to the inland population for their compliance with the due observance of fast-days. There is no doubt whatever that this might be made a profitable industry, and that in view of the enhanced price of our sea-fish it would be publicly beneficial. The Jews, who are noted for their excellent cookery of fish, are the principal consumers of freshwater fishes in this country, and so large a quantity is sometimes required to supply the demand during some of their religious festivals that even small roach find ready purchasers.

The multiplicity of inventions for the carriage and transport to long distances of living fishes and their eggs exhibited by the United States testified to the great attention bestowed on the subject in that country. Travelling railroad cars, fitted as completely for this purpose as are the travelling postal vans for the arranging and sorting of the mails on our various railways, are there regarded as part of the necessary appliances; and the investigations of the United States Fish and Fishery Commission are carried on with an earnestness and method and to an extent which are unequalled amongst ourselves. And these are not restricted

to the artificial cultivation of freshwater fishes, but are directed also to the improvement of the sea fisheries in the various departments of fish, crustacea and mollusca. It is unnecessary to follow in detail the progress made by each country in the cultivation, protection, and preservation of fish. The fact remains, and it is a very unsatisfactory one, that in this work almost every other nation is in advance of ourselves.

The Fisheries Exhibition of last year is now a thing of the past, and another connected with a different subject is already occupying its place; but it is only within the past few weeks that the influence of the former on the work of practical fish-culture has become definitively apparent.

1. The National Fish - Culture Association, which was founded in 1883, has recently held several meetings, one result of which has been that it has agreed to take charge of the aquarium at South Kensington during the time that the Health Exhibition is open, to give the Government time to decide whether they will place the tanks and apparatus permanently under the superintendence of the Science Department, as an aid to biological investigation. The smack-owners and fish-merchants of Billingsgate have promised their cordial assistance, and will help to keep the tanks furnished with living fish and crustacea, though the principal supply will be obtained by a trawling-boat especially employed by the Association for that purpose.

2. A Freshwater Fisheries Bill has been passed by Parliament, which, if it does not meet the wishes of every one, is at any rate a step in the right direction.

3. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in announcing recently that the surplus of profit of the Fisheries Exhibition amounted to £15,000 (with a further prospective £10,000 from the rental of its buildings for other exhibitions), recommended that whilst £10,000 should be devoted to the alleviation of distress of widows and orphans of fishermen, £3,000 should be devoted to the founding of a "Royal Fisheries Society."

4. It has been proposed that a "Marine Zoological Station," on the principle of that of Naples, shall be established somewhere on the coast, which shall be fitted and conducted as a seaside laboratory and observatory for the improvement of knowledge of the structure, habits, etc., of marine animals, not only with a view to the advancement of science, but to the application of science to practice. The meeting, held in the rooms of the Royal Society, under the presidency of Professor Huxley, was a most influential one, and the best zoologists of the day are in favour of the establishment of the proposed station if funds for the purpose can be found.

We have already had experience of the practical value of observations made in our marine aquaria. In 1866 Dr. George Ossian Sars, of Christiania, announced his discovery that the eggs of the cod tribe, the mackerel, the gurnard, and other fishes, float on the surface of the sea during the whole period of their development, instead of, as was formerly supposed, being deposited by the parent fish in the sand or sediment at the bottom. In

1873, whilst I had charge of the Naturalists' Department at the Brighton Aquarium, I was able to confirm Dr. Sars's observations, and also to spawn artificially some of the fishes mentioned. One great objection made to deep-sea trawling—that the trawl destroyed the spawn of fish at the bottom—was thus at once proved to be fallacious in the case of the fishes referred to, whose eggs never sank to the bottom at all. The ova of the herring do, however, sink to the bottom, and adhere so tightly to the first substance they touch that they cannot be torn away from it without their tough outer membrane being ruptured. The American Fishery Commission state that they have artificially impregnated the ova of the cod, and conveyed them to localities far distant from that where they were taken; and that they have thus induced the mature fish to visit the American coasts in summer. This is merely an instance of the kind of observations that may be expected to be turned to practical account by such a marine observatory as that suggested.

Whether the three societies above mentioned will be combined, or whether each will pursue a different course and take in hand a different line of work, is at present uncertain. It is evident, however, that a fresh impetus has been given to the consideration of all matters connected with fish-culture and fisheries-regulation, the importance of which in relation to the food supply of the people is being daily forced upon our notice by the scarcity and high price of many kinds of fish.

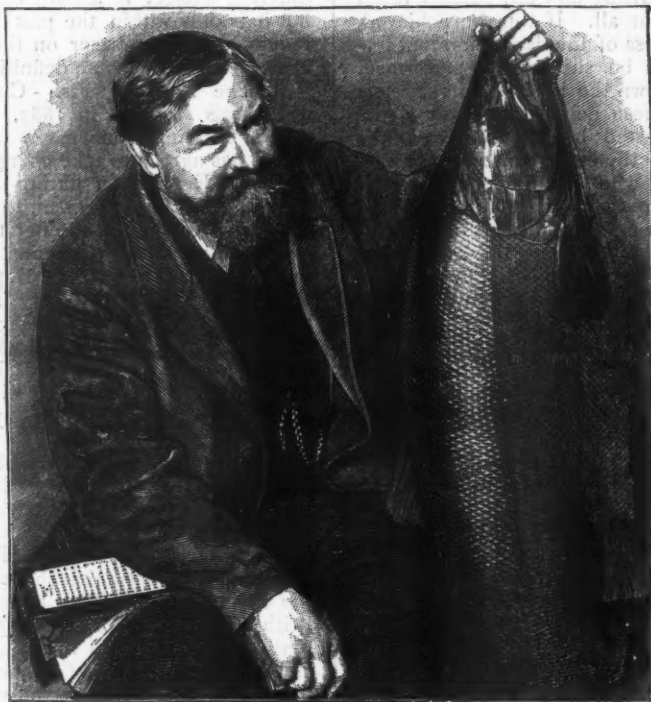
Whilst looking forward hopefully to the advancement of fish-culture, we may well pause a moment to look back upon its past. It is not so long ago that the number of salmon which annually spawned in our rivers had become so diminished that the supply was partially exhausted, and it seemed probable that this fish would become a scarce and expensive luxury. It is doing no injustice to others to say that to the late Mr. Frank Buckland it is due, above all men in this country, that salmon is now abundant. He devoted himself to the re-stocking of our salmon rivers, and his enthusiasm enlisted the sympathy

of riparian proprietors, land-owners, noblemen, and conservators, and inspired them with a desire to co-operate in the good and interesting work of rendering the rivers of our country suitable and fit for the noble fish which had almost deserted them. The Government took up the matter in no listless spirit, and wisely appointed as inspector of fisheries the man whose heart was so completely in the work and the objects to be achieved. So strong was Frank Buckland's faith in the possibility of restoring the salmon fisheries of Great Britain, that in the

exuberance of his enthusiasm he publicly declared that "if he did not succeed in bringing down the price of salmon to 6d. or 8d. per lb. he would eat his hat." He was laughed at; people shrugged their shoulders and called him a madman. He himself was half afraid that he had been too confident; for I well remember that the day after that on which he made the bold announcement, he asked me, with a rueful expression on his bright face, "if I could tell him of the best way of cooking a hat to make it tender and digestible, for he

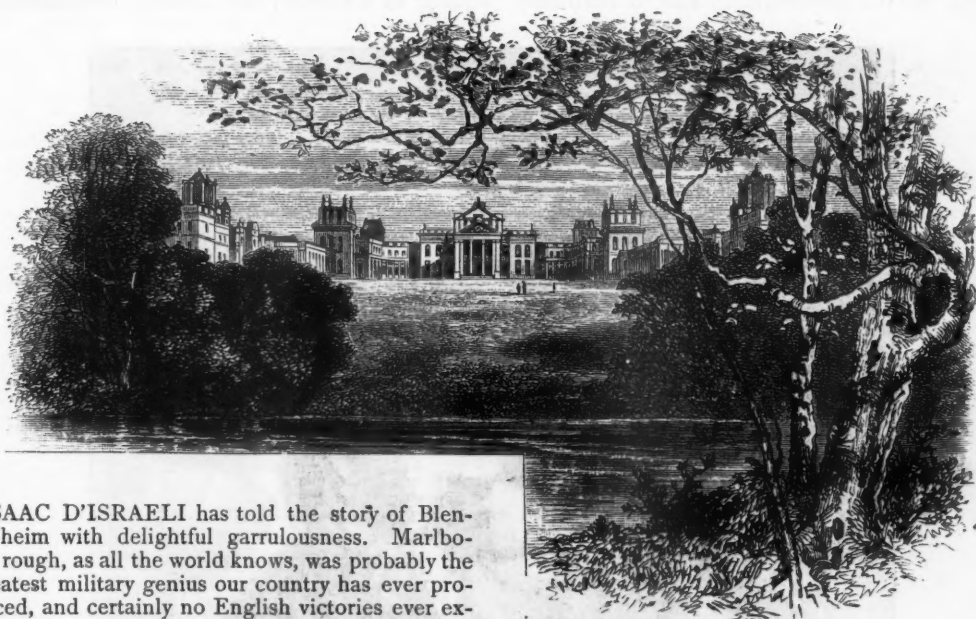
feared his 'golgotha' was doomed." But he set to work earnestly, and, aided by his able and prudent colleague, Mr. Spencer Walpole, soon effected numerous improvements. By judicious legislation rivers were freed from pollutions which had befouled their waters and poisoned the fish, and from obstacles in the shape of weirs, dams, and "fixed engines," which had prevented the passage of the salmon to their spawning grounds, and—last season prime salmon was sold in Farringdon Market at and under 8d. per pound.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when presiding over the first preliminary meeting held at the Mansion House for the promotion of the International Fisheries Exhibition of 1883, paid a well-merited tribute to the memory of Mr. Frank Buckland, and, in language which touched a sympathetic chord in the hearts of many of his hearers, expressed regret that the well-known naturalist and fish-culturist had not lived to see the vast collection of fishery appliances of all nations for which, as a pioneer, he had done so much to prepare the way.



FRANK BUCKLAND.

• BLLENHEIM PALACE.



ISAAC D'ISRAELI has told the story of Blenheim with delightful garrulousness. Marlborough, as all the world knows, was probably the greatest military genius our country has ever produced, and certainly no English victories ever exceeded his in moral importance. Nevertheless he was singularly unpopular. When, at the accession of George I, the victor of Blenheim and Ramillies made a public entry into the City of London, he was hissed by more than he was huzzaed. Mr. Ford, the gazetteer of the period, writing the day after to Dr. Swift, says: "At Temple Bar, I am assured, the noise of the hissing was loudest, though they had prepared their friends to receive him, and the gathering of others was only accidental." And this notwithstanding Marlborough had done everything to impose on the mob, appearing in the style and with the retinue of a prince, preceded by two hundred horsemen three in a row, a company of train-bands, etc., and followed by sixteen coaches with six horses, and between thirty and forty with two horses.

But he and his duchess, who rode with him, were thoroughly disliked as a couple of avaricious old worldlings, and while men were obliged to admit his ability, they would not think of him as a hero. No doubt his general support of Whig politics was the main cause of his unpopularity, and was probably the reason why the House of Commons treated him so shabbily, when after the Battle of Blenheim they voted him a palace, but no money to pay for its erection. Poor "Mrs. Morley" was left to find the funds, which she, knowing it to be what her dear friends "the Freemans" had set their hearts upon, willingly did, until the day came when a new favourite supplanted the old, and Queen Anne left Blenheim Palace to get finished as it might.

The works went on, but in such a halting fashion that the architect, Sir John Vanbrugh, was fain to lay a plot by which the duke himself should be

compelled to find the funds. Vanbrugh accordingly waited until the duke was abroad, and then managed to get Lord Godolphin, a friend and relative of Marlborough, to give him a warrant constituting him surveyor, with power to contract in the duke's name.

In 1712 the royal exchequer refused further payments, and Marlborough, being just sixty-two years old, began, no doubt, to fear that he should never live in Blenheim Palace at all, for we find him at last determined to take the matter up himself, the result being that a composition was effected with the workmen and the building went on. When George I became king in 1714 the debt was recognised as due from the Crown, but so inadequate were the supplies that in the following year the workmen struck and the building came to a stand. It was evidently a struggle between the Treasury and Marlborough which should pay, and the architect, to put, as it would seem, pressure on the duke, produced his warrant, proving that Marlborough had made himself responsible as paymaster. The duke disclaimed the instrument, declaring that if it were valid no man would be safe. Neither the Treasury nor the duke would make any further advance, and Marlborough died, leaving his palace unfinished.

He left his widow, however, £50,000 to complete it, which she did, dismissing Vanbrugh and pursuing him with all the passion and spite of which she was capable. She got—so Vanbrugh said, but then he is no more to be relied on than the duchess herself—the Chancellor to decide that he was not employed either by the duke or the duchess. In Vanbrugh, however, she had her

match, for in some wily manner he contrived to secure Sir Robert Walpole's interest, and the Court of Exchequer ruled that she was to pay all claims, and this was finally affirmed on appeal to the Lords. So the Marlboroughs had to contribute

do with the erection of this magnificent pile, in its object and magniloquent inscriptions a fitting pendant to its rival at Versailles. Only this is to be said for Vanbrugh's design, that compared to the dreary edifice which commemorates



RUBENS WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD.

themselves about £60,000 out of the £300,000 that the whole edifice cost. The old duchess was so enraged at her defeat that she would never let Vanbrugh come near the place, but when once he attempted to steal a sight at his own building, in company with his wife and some ladies of the Howard family, the park gates were shut in his face.

Such was the mean and pettifogging spirit which every one displayed who had anything to

all the glories of France, Blenheim Palace is really fine and imposing. Both owner and architect, however, were in so little favour that the wits gave neither their due. Vanbrugh appears to have been quite as great an architect as he was a dramatist, and though Blenheim Palace may sin against all the rules of art, yet, taking it for what it is meant to be, a monument to military glory, it combines just the elements suitable for such a structure—great solidity with fine outlines. Sir

Joshua Reynolds said that it was a building which displayed more imagination than perhaps any other, and praised its poetic feeling, its grandeur, and painter-like effects of light and shade. The interior is in harmony with the exterior, and is adorned with so fine a collection of paintings that Dr. Waagen said Blenheim Palace was in itself alone worth a journey from Germany.

Marlborough and his duchess were devoted to picture-collecting. The duke had unrivalled opportunities when on the Continent. His "fancy" was soon known, and all who wished to please him vied in offering precious works of art. Thus he obtained the finest pictures of his splendid collection of the works of Rubens, the cities of the Low Countries and the Emperor of Germany giving him some of their best specimens. After Marlborough's death the duchess continued to buy, and would give any price for a Rubens, so that Dr. Waagen declared the collection of this master at Blenheim to have no other rivals but those at Munich, Vienna, and Paris.

There are fifteen in all, and those who are artists enough to appreciate Rubens must find them most interesting. To the ordinary observer they cannot fail to appear very gross in conception. This they really are, but then it must be said that above and beyond their being masterpieces of art, which they also really are, they possess very great historic value. For to the student of history they reveal in the most vivid manner the life and the sentiment of the early part of the seventeenth century in Protestant Europe. What intensifies the superabundant animalism of Rubens's pictures is their splendid colouring, and this again gives them some interest from an historic point of view. For they tell of that period when Northern Europe began to make its first acquaintance with the brilliant colours of the torrid zone. In Rubens's day the quays of Antwerp were covered with the produce of the East and West Indies, of Java and

Peru. The Netherlanders have never lost their impression of the first sight of those vivid colours in their land of dun skies and muddy canals, but it has been only men of genius like Rubens who have been able to preserve the Oriental sunlight



CASCADE, BLENHEIM.

as well as the Oriental colouring. One of the best pictures in the collection is a full-length portrait of the painter himself, with his second wife and child walking in a garden. They are richly clad in Spanish costume, showing that great painters in the seventeenth century were hardly less prosperous than they are in the nineteenth.

There are several admirable portraits by Vandyke, notably a figure of Charles I on horseback. There are examples of Murillo, Titian, Caracci, and Claude, and some of Sir Joshua, besides several pictures of the Dutch school. Altogether



THE BRIDGE, BLENHEIM.

the art gallery is by far the most interesting sight at Blenheim.

The palace is surrounded on three sides by private gardens, to which visitors are only admitted by tickets. Those who are thus favoured wander successively through an Italian garden, always so agreeable a feature in these great English homes, then past the Rosary, with its neighbouring pines, until they come upon the river and the grand cascade and the American garden, devoted, as its name suggests, to plants from the New World. Near the cascade is a chalybeate spring, and a few yards lower down is a little retreat among the trees on a small island in the stream. From this island, or from the iron bridge crossing the stream, the cascade may be seen to advantage.

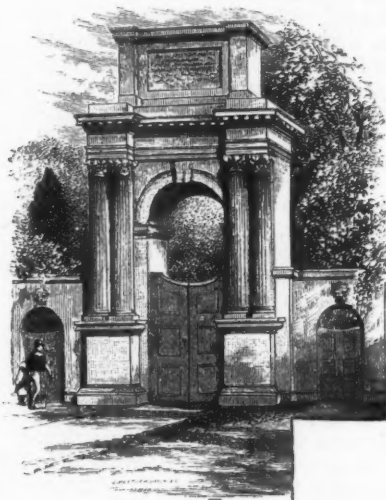
Another object of interest is the rock garden, every crevice and every projection being filled with some rare, curious, or beautiful plants, native or exotic. On the road to this spot a view across the park makes a good picture, composed of the grand bridge and the lake, with a background of wood. But the majority of visitors will be glad to get into the park itself. It extends over an area of 2,700 acres, and is twelve miles in circumference.

As the architect of Blenheim was a genius, so was its landscape gardener. He appears to have risen by his talent from the ranks, to have rejoiced in the homely name of Brown, and to have had detractors, like his coadjutor with the more distinguished cognomen, Vanbrugh. However, he had in Blenheim Park space enough to show his genius, and the visitor will be able to form his opinion how far he has succeeded.

There are some points in the park which ought not to escape attention: the High Lodge, from whence a view of Oxford with the surrounding country can be obtained; Rosamond's Well, sacred to the frail beauty whose unhappy end has called forth the sympathy of generation after generation of English children; and then the tall monument to the genius of Blenheim with its portentous inscription. This inscription has been ascribed to Bolingbroke, but whoever the author was, his grandiloquence is most imposing, and he evidently conceived himself writing for that day when Macaulay's New Zealander will be seen in the midst of a vast solitude on a broken arch of London Bridge, sketching the ruins of St. Paul's. Penetrating the Oxonian wilderness the indefatigable explorer will come on the base of a ruined column, and will decipher from beneath the mosses of ages such awe-inspiring sentences as these: "He saw, he attacked, nor stopped, but to conquer the enemy. . . . On the second day of August, one thousand seven hundred and four, he gained a more glorious victory than the histories of ages can boast. The heaps of slain were dreadful proofs of his valour: a marshal of France, whole legions of French, his prisoners, proclaimed his mercy. . . . This pillar shall stand as long as the British name and language shall last, illustrious monument of Marlborough's glory and Britain's gratitude!"

As to "Britain's gratitude," besides this great park, twelve miles in circumference, the duke

held emoluments of the annual value of £64,325. Vanbrugh, writing to Tonson on the occasion of Marlborough's death, speaks of the duke's treasure as exceeding the most extravagant guess. He refers to "a round million" moving about in loans on the land tax, etc., of "his land," of "his £5,000 a year on the Post-office, his mortgages, his South Sea stock, his annuities, and what he had in foreign banks." After the battle of Ramilies the House of Commons voted to him and his heirs for ever £4,000 per annum, so that by that vote alone Great Britain has paid Marlborough and his representatives a sum of more than £700,000. Surely the country has been sufficiently grateful for Blenheim and Ramilies.



ENTRANCE TO BLENHEIM PARK.

Murky Skies.

Written after hearing Mr. Ruskin's Lecture on the "Plague-Cloud" of these latter times.

RUSKIN! thou sayest sadly that the skies
Are not as once they were, that heaven's blue
Has lost its azure, and a sombre hue
O'er all the earth with joyless shadow lies!
The clouds no more are golden to our eyes,
The light of other days we now ne'er view!
And as we listen to thy plaintive cries
We almost deem the dark description true.
And yet, these doleful sights by few are seen;
The heaven above with tints as gorgeous glows
As art has ever drawn or poet sung;
The sky is still as blue, the earth as green.
The change is not in Nature, but in those
Whose sight grows dimmer, and their hearts less
young.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

ENGLISH HOMES IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD.

VI.—THE FOOD.

WE have already seen that in the baronial hall such a trifling affair as "laying the cloth" was made a matter of solemn ceremony. The bringing in of the dishes when the guests were assembled, after they had been called by the cook striking the dresser with his rolling-pin—the representative of the modern bell or gong—was an equally formal matter. The dishes were borne in procession and to the sound of music, the marshal of the hall leading the train and bearing the grace-cup and spice-plate of his lord. He was followed in succession by the almoner with the alms-dish, the assayer or taster with his assay-cup, and the carver with his towel—

"To clene his knyffys that bene so kene."

Next came the cook carrying some important dish, who was followed by yeomen, blue-coated serving-men, pages, and serving-women, each bearing some savoury burden or elaborate device. For those were the days of boars'-heads with lemons stuck in their mouths, of roast peacocks with expanded tails, and of gigantic and highly-ornamented pasties. "The pastry was not then a mere question of vulgar pie-crust, but a work of art requiring much mythological study, when Actæon and his hounds in bas-relief or the siege of Troy were represented in raised paste." The sweetmeats too rose in fanciful forms—such as castles, towers, and battlements, adorned with banners and streamers. All these "subtile cooks' devices" were brought into the hall amid the braying and droning of trumpets and bagpipes—

"Fro kechene came the first cours,
With pipes and trumpes and tabours."

Those who carried the dishes were never to raise their covers, for it was a suspicious age, and the fear of poison lurked in the minds of all.

Mention has already been made of the assayer who tasted the dishes and liquors before his master. His cup had a charm attached to it, by a chain or fixed in its bottom—very commonly a carbuncle of value, or a piece of the tusk of a narwhal, which was supposed to detect and neutralise poison.

Our forefathers loved fish, and it was more abundant than now. To ensure a supply stewponds were attached to most manors, while the moat of the castle was often converted into a fishpond. Among the dishes of which frequent mention is made are lamprey pies and herring pasties. These were highly seasoned. The salted herrings of Yarmouth were in high repute soon after the Conquest. By an ancient charter the corporation of that port was bound to furnish the king annually

with a hundred herrings baked in four-and-twenty pasties. Salmon was highly esteemed, but was generally eaten salted. There is evidence to show that the fish-eaters of the day were not very particular as to the freshness of their dainties, and that they preferred strong-flavoured food. Whale was eaten from early times and till late in the fifteenth century. In 1264 we find Henry III directing the sheriffs of London to purchase one hundred pieces of whale for his table. Those caught in the Thames were claimed by the Lord Mayor. Sometimes it was roasted and brought to table on a spit, but more frequently it was boiled and served with peas. It had fallen into disfavour in Elizabeth's days, but the grampus and the porpoise were popular, and the latter was found on the table of the queen. The Saxons called it sea-swine, and the ecclesiastics of the middle ages *porco-marino*. It was indeed considered a great delicacy. We read of the bailiffs of Yarmouth in 1491 sending a fine porpoise to Lord Oxford, whose favour they wished to propitiate. At the marriage of Henry V, and again at the coronation of Henry VII, it was among the dishes. It was not only boiled and roasted, but made into pies and pasties. A certain "Maister Coke" gives a recipe for a "pudding of purpasse," and another tells us how to make a kind of stew from its coarse flesh, with the addition of milk, wheat, almonds, and saffron. The latter condiment was greatly used at the time; it furnished the sauce piquant of the period. It was expensive. We read of the Duke of Buckingham paying 18s. 10d. for a pound of it—a sum equivalent to about £10 to-day. Mustard also was recommended to be eaten with porpoise.

In regard to meat, oxen and sheep were not uncommonly boiled entire, but when this was the case they were divided into joints before leaving the kitchen.

Viands were also not uncommonly served in "coffyn cotes," as they were somewhat unpleasantly called, the coffin being of pie-crust. Game was often confined, so was fish, including dolphins and porpoises. "In the days of chivalry various duties and ceremonies were connected with the principal dishes. On the occasion of tournaments and pageants, or at royal feasts, a peacock or pheasant 'enhalkyall,' or roasted, was served up with extraordinary grandeur. It was brought to table in a coffin of 'payne puff,' with neck erect and tail expanded above the crust, with beak and comb richly gilded. It was borne into the hall on a gold or silver charger, and heralded in with the blast of trumpets and clarions. With scrupulous ceremony it was placed before the knight whose prowess had won the laurels of the day. With much solemnity the hero rose, and

as he broke the crust he called perhaps St. George or the Virgin to witness his vow that he would hew down the Turks in Palestine, or rescue captive beauty from the snares of giant monsters. Need we say that these vows of the valiant knight were like the pie-crust before him, made but to be broken, and that their oft-repeated violation gave rise to a homely but too truthful proverb?"*

While our ancestors revelled in fish, flesh, and fowl, there was a marked absence of vegetables. Even in the sixteenth century the commonest vegetables were imported, and a single Dutch cabbage was considered an acceptable present.† In 1595 a sum equal to twenty shillings was paid for six cabbages and a few carrots at Hull by the purveyor to the Clifford family. The poor, especially those of cities, never tasted vegetable food.

Some of the dishes of the Elizabethan period are curious enough. Seagulls were eaten; there was pickled goose with cloves and ginger; soused turkey, boiled in white wine and vinegar, and soaked for a month; "pear puddings," containing no pears, but made of cold fowl or turkey chopped up with flour, currants, eggs, cream, etc., and then fashioned into the form of pears and baked. The stalks of tulips cooked like peas, omelettes of mallow stalks, hartshorn jelly, pippins preserved in jelly, apple syrup, quince cheese, candied fruits, were among the delicacies of the age. Still a large number of dishes were prepared just as they are to-day. Thus we read of broths and potages, marrow puddings, black and white puddings, fricassees of veal, stewed beef, Scotch collops, chicken salad, roast partridges, custards, cream and cheese cakes, mince pies, whipped creams and syllabubs, which were precisely in Elizabethan what they are in Victorian days.

The wafers or confectioners, who were often Italians or Frenchmen, held an honoured place in the household, for they were veritable artists, and were always exerting their brains to devise some new "subtilty." These "subtilties" had often some hidden meaning, "not only compliments, but even sly rebukes to heretics and politicians were conveyed in these sugared emblems." At the marriage feast of Henry v and Queen Catherine, the table was crowded with devices of all kinds invented by the confectioner—nests of birds, panthers in cages, St. Catherine disputing with the heathen, and other designs, each bearing some inscription complimentary to the royal bride. At the coronation of Henry vi castles and towers with knights and warriors adorned the royal board; pieces of poetry were inscribed on armorial shields, poetry having more meaning than sweetmeat mottoes usually have. "Those wicked Lollards had been spreading fast of late; some had been burnt on Tower Hill, and one, a wool-packer, had just been executed, who 'was of so large a consiens that he wolde eten fleysch on Fridays.' To a sect so profane in their diet it was as well to give a warning at this grand assembly, amongst whom, peradventure, lurked many a secret Lollard, and a 'subtilty' was prepared 'of

the emperor and the kynge that ded is, armed, and their mantels of garters, and the king that now is, kneeling before them with this reason:

'Ageinst miscreants the emperor Sigismond
Hath shewed his myghte, which is Imperial;

Cherishyng the chirch, Lollardes had a falle," etc.

Towards the termination of great feasts spices were handed round with the wine, and the spice-plate was often richly engraved or enamelled. At the same time the drageoirs or comfit boxes, full of perfumed confectionery, were passed about. The learned author of "Our English Home" finds in the Sloane ms. the remarks of a writer of the fifteenth century, "who says that the table ought to be with

'Carraway and comfite sette,'

and speaks also of

'Chard juicys and sugar, for axynge of questions,'

so that our sugared coquetteries are but a mediæval way of kissing and making love, after all."

The liquid refreshments of Elizabeth's time were many and varied, for besides claret, sack, many kinds of beer, small and strong, there were the honey drinks, metheglin and meath, or mead, cyder, hydromel, and strawberry, and cherry wine, and gillyflower syrup with sack. Of the metheglins and meads there were many varieties,* strong, medium, and weak, highly flavoured or perfumed. Hops, rosemary, thyme, sweetbrier, bays, watercresses, pennyroyal, marshmallow, liverwort, wormwood, wild angelica, saxifrage, strawberries, and violet leaves are only a few of the flavouring substances added to the honey and water. Here is one recipe from the work mentioned in the foot-note. It is headed "White Metheglin of my Lady Hungerford, which is exceedingly praised":

"Take your Honey, and mix it with fair water, until the Honey be quite dissolved. If it will bear an egg to be above the liquor, the breadth of a groat, it is strong enough; if not, put more Honey to it, till it be so strong; then boil it till it be clearly and well skimmed: then put in one good handful of Strawberry leaves, and half a handful of Violet leaves, and half as much Sorrel; a dozen tops of rosemary; four or five tops of Balm-leaves, a handful of Hart's-tongue, and a handful of Liverwort; a little Thyme and a little Red-sage: let it boil about an hour, then put it into a wooden Vessel, where let it stand till it be quite cold; then put it into the barrel, then take half an ounce of Cloves, as much Nutmeg, four or five races of ginger; bruise it, and put it into a fine bag, with a stone to make it sink, that it may hang below the middle; then stop it very close. The Herbs and Spices are in proportion for six Gallons." Other of the recipes are still more complicated.

* In a very curious work, published in 1677, and entitled, "The Closet of the eminently learned Sir Kenelm Digby, Kt., opened," etc. there are fifty-one different recipes for making these drinks.

* "Our English Home."
† Fox's "Life of James II."

One of the most extraordinary drinks of the day was that described by Sir Kenelme Digby under the name of "Cock Ale." This is the recipe: "Take eight gallons of Ale, take a Cock and boil him well; then take four pounds of Raisins of the Sun well stoned, two or three Nutmegs, three or four flakes of Mace, half a pound of Dates; beat them all in a Mortar, and put to them two quarts of the best Sack; and when the Ale hath done working, put these in, and stop it close six or seven days, and then bottle it, and a month after you may drink it."

Our forefathers of the period under review took strong ale with their breakfast; the queen herself often breakfasted on brawn and ale; for as yet neither tea nor coffee was known in this country. What an influence on home life has been wrought by the introduction of those two simple beverages!

The hours at which our forefathers took their meals very closely resembled those of the French

to-day. There were only two leading repasts—the dinner, represented by the French *déjeuner*, and the supper, represented by their dinner. Ten o'clock was in early Norman days the established hour for *dinner*. Froissart often alludes to it in a way which proves it to have been the fashionable hour of the wealthy. In Tudor days it approached nearer to noon. In the household of the Princess Cecil, mother of Edward IV, dinner was to be served ordinarily at eleven, but on fasting days at twelve. Ten for dinner and five for supper were the hours appointed at Cambridge in the time of Edward VI. In Elizabeth's time the gentry dined at eleven and the merchants at twelve, the latter habit being doubtless caused by the press of morning business. Supper was then served at five or six, while the husbandman or labourer whose hours of labour were protracted far into the afternoon supped at seven or eight. And good people, even in London city, were all in bed by ten.

THE BRITISH PEOPLE:

THEIR INCOME AND EXPENDITURE, THEIR VIRTUES AND THEIR VICES.

BY PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI, F.S.A., F.S.S., ETC., ETC.

SIXTH PAPER.

IT was well said by Burke, that the wisest in council, the ablest in debate, and the most agreeable companion in the commerce of human life, is that man who has assimilated to his understanding the greatest number of facts. On all subjects connected with social economics no conclusion is worth much unless based upon facts open and patent to all—the simple result of observation. So long, indeed, as our inductions are based upon facts, we are safe. Immediately we leave this solid ground we stand in danger of erecting our edifice on sand, sure to crumble at the very touch. Ready at our doors these facts are certainly not. They must be sought for; they must be collected with great discrimination; they must be generalised. Only no art, rhetoric, or circumlocution can ever convert imagination into fact. In case, therefore, any of my readers would like to satisfy themselves as to the character of the facts I have used, especially as regards the expenditure of the people, the following are the sources and the particulars. As already suggested, the information available is classified under different classes of expenditure, viz., Articles of Food, Articles of Dress, House Expenditure, Education and Church, Amusements, Tax, and Cost of Distribution.

ARTICLES OF FOOD.

Bread.

In the expenditure for food, bread holds the first place, on account of its being shared in by the largest number of people, though in amount it stands second to meat. Sir James Caird,

in his valuable work on the landed interest, calculated the quantity and value of wheat of home and foreign growth consumed annually in the United Kingdom as follows—:

| | Quantity. Cwt. | Value. £ |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------|
| Home Growth . . . | 55,000,000 | 32,187,500 |
| Foreign „ . . . | 55,000,000 | 32,187,500 |
| Total . . . Cwt. | 110,000,000 | £64,375,000 |

Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, in a paper read before the Statistical Society on the 11th May, 1880, gave the consumption of wheat for the average of three years, from 1876 to 1878, as follows:—

| | Quantities available for consumption. Qrs. | Value. £ |
|-------------------|--|-------------|
| Home | 10,198,253 | 24,670,579 |
| Foreign | 13,700,386 | 33,356,761 |
| Total . . . Qrs. | 23,898,639 | £58,027,340 |

Take £60,000,000 as the average of the two authorities, and add 25 per cent. for manufacture of bread and distribution, and the cost appears to be about £75,000,000. In another form, take 110,000,000 cwt. as the consumption, or 12,320,000,000 lb., and 80 lb. flour per cwt. wheat, they will give 9,856,000,000 lb. flour. Assume that 280 lb. flour will give 316,610,000 quarter loaves, at 6d. the quarter loaf, the gross expenditure would be £77,500,000, whilst the net expenditure would be £60,000,000.

Potatoes.

Next to bread, the potato is most largely used as farinaceous food, especially in Ireland. The home growth of potatoes was estimated by Sir James Caird at 111,000,000 cwt. According to the agricultural statistics for 1880, the number of acres under cultivation in the United Kingdom was 1,380,578. Estimating the produce at 3 tons per acre, the total produce would be 82,835,000 cwt., and, at 6s. per cwt., the cost would be £24,850,000. Add 9,750,000 cwt. imported, at an average price of 5.84s. per cwt., value

£2,847,000, we have a total quantity of 10,000,000,000 lb., of the value of £27,697,000, and, with 20 per cent. for distribution, £33,238,000.

Vegetables.

Of the quantity of vegetable and fruit of home produce consumed there is no account, but the amount may be safely taken at half the value of potatoes, or £14,000,000, and, with 20 per cent. for distribution, £17,000,000, which, at 2d. per lb., would represent a consumption of upwards of 2,000,000,000 lb.

Meat.

The amount expended in meat is very large. *Sir James Caird calculated the value of meat produced at home, in butcher's meat, bacon, ham, pork, etc., at 24,500,000 cwt., valued at £87,000,000. And he added 6,300,000 cwt. of foreign growth, valued at £22,050,000, making in all £109,050,000. We may test the consumption of meat by another process. We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. N. Stephen, the Clerk and Superintendent of the London Central Meat Market, for the quantity of meat there sold, which in 1880 was 221,448 tons.* Add for meat slaughtered by butchers 20,200 tons, and we have a total of 241,674 tons, or 541,349,760 lb., as representing approximately the quantity of meat consumed in the metropolis. Take the population of what is called Greater London, which the Central Market supplies, at 4,760,000, and the consumption per head is 0.31 lb. per day. The average wholesale price may be taken at 6½d. per lb., and the average retail price at 7½d. per lb. At the latter price, the amount spent in London alone on meat is £16,900,000. Extend the calculation to the whole country at ½ lb. per head, and at the same prices of 6½d. and 7½d. per lb. respectively, the result is a total consumption of 3,193,750,000 lb., at a cost of £83,000,000 wholesale price, and £99,800,000 retail.

Fish.

The consumption of fish is considerable. Mr. Spencer Walpole, the Inspector of Fisheries, in a report to the Secretary of State, stated that in 1879 135,000 tons of fish were brought for consumption into London, and that, upon a population of 3,500,000, it gave an average of 90 lb. per head. Fish is largely consumed by the labouring classes, but London is exceptionally well supplied with fish, and for the whole population it is not safe to take more than 20 lb. per head per annum. The price of fish varies considerably with the description and season of the year, salmon, soles, and turbot selling at considerably higher prices than herrings, mackerel, cod, and other kinds. Taking the total quantity consumed at 700,000,000 lb.,† and the average price at 4d. per lb. wholesale and 5d. lb. retail, the total value would be £11,700,000 wholesale and £14,500,000 retail.

Butter and Cheese.

Butter and cheese are important articles of food. Sir James Caird estimated the home produce of these at 3,000,000 cwt., valued at £13,500,000, and at a similar quantity and amount the butter and cheese imported. In 1880, however, the imports were 2,326,000 cwt. butter, and 1,775,000 cwt. cheese,

* The proportions were as follows:—

| | Tons. |
|------------------------------------|---------|
| Country killed | 107,326 |
| Town killed | 80,905 |
| General Foreign (meat and produce) | 7,381 |
| American killed (fresh meat) . . . | 25,836 |
| | 221,248 |

† The quantity of fish conveyed by railway from each of the principal fishing ports, in the year 1878, was as follows:—

| | Tons. |
|--------------------|---------|
| England | 176,652 |
| Scotland | 32,202 |
| Ireland | 6,894 |
| | 216,338 |

equal to 484,597,120 pounds. Allowing one-third more for fish consumed direct from the boats, the consumption would be 646,000,000 pounds. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh gave the total weight of fish captured per annum in the United Kingdom at 613,035 tons, but considerable quantities are exported, and still more wasted.

of the collective value of £17,232,000, making, with the home produce, a total of about £30,000,000, and, with 20 per cent. for distribution, a total of £36,000,000.

Milk and Eggs.

The value of home-grown milk is estimated at £26,000,000, and the value of eggs imported in 1880, £2,300,000, representing probably one-fourth of the total consumption, or £9,000,000, giving an aggregate in milk and eggs of £35,000,000, which, with 20 per cent. for distribution, amounts to £42,000,000.

Fruit and other Articles of Import.

To these we must add the following articles of import, at their declared value, viz.: Fruit, raw and dry, £6,507,000; rice, £1,697,000; spices, £506,000; and confectionery, £568,000. Total, £9,278,000; and, with 20 per cent. for distribution, £11,133,000.

Sugar.

Sugar is partly used as food, and partly as drink. According to the report of the Commissioners of Customs, the value of sugar retained for consumption in 1880 was £22,770,000. Deducting the quantity used in brewing, 1,136,000 cwt., value £1,200,000, and adding the cost of refining upon at least the half of the raw sugar consumed, £9,000,000, the entire cost may be taken at £24,700,000, and, with 10 per cent. for profit and distribution, £27,000,000.

Tea and Coffee.

The value of tea retained for consumption in 1880 was £8,809,000. Add the duty, £3,964,000, we have a total of £12,773,000, and, with 20 per cent. for distribution, the total cost to consumers would be £15,327,000.

Of coffee and cocoa, the quantity retained for consumption was valued at £2,196,000. Add duty, £330,000, and 20 per cent. for profit and distribution, and we have a total of about £3,000,000.

Beer.

Of alcoholic drinks, the consumption is large. In the year ended 30th September, 1880, the quantity of beer brewed in the United Kingdom was 55,850,790 bushels. At two bushels to the barrel it would give 27,925,395 average barrels, or 1,005,314,220 average gallons of beer. Deducting the exports, 18,000,000 average gallons, the home consumption would be 987,000,000 gallons. One thousand million gallons is a safe number to take. The actual cost of beer is probably 7d. per gallon, and at that rate the cost is £29,000,000; but at the selling price of 1s. 6d., which includes duty (£6,732,000) and profits of distribution, the consumers pay £75,000,000.

Spirits.

The total consumption of British and foreign spirits in 1880 was 40,000,000 gallons. Taking the cost at 4s. per gallon and the sale price at 20s., the entire cost would be £8,000,000, and the amount paid by consumers, including duty, 10s. per gallon, and profit of distribution, £40,000,000. In 1883 the quantity consumed was 37,000,000 gallons, and the expenditure therewith correspondingly diminished.

Wine.

Of wine the quantity retained for consumption—15,750,000 gallons in 1880—was valued at £5,800,000. Add duty, £1,407,000, and 25 per cent. for distribution, the total amount is £9,000,000. Some addition should be made for the increasing value of old and fancy wines, but no estimate can be made of the same, no knowledge existing of the stocks of wine.

The consumption of imported articles of food and drink has largely increased of late years, as will be seen from the following comparison of the quantity retained for home consumption per head of the total population of the United Kingdom in 1840, 1860, and 1880, as given in the statistical abstract:—

| | 1840. | 1860. | 1880. | 1882. |
|----------------------|-------|--------|--------|-------------------|
| Corn . . lb. | 42'47 | 118'86 | 210'42 | 241'21 |
| Potatoes . . " | 0'01 | 2'18 | 31'63 | 9'33 |
| Bacon and hams . . " | 0'01 | 1'87 | 15'96 | 8'85 |
| Butter . . " | 1'05 | 3'26 | 7'42 | 6'72 |
| Cheese . . " | 0'92 | 2'24 | 5'36 | 5'20 |
| Eggs . . No. | 3'63 | 5'83 | 21'68 | 23'04 |
| Sugar . . lb. | 15'20 | 33'11 | 63'68 | 62'10 |
| Tea . . " | 1'22 | 2'67 | 4'59 | 4'67 |
| Wine . . gallons | 0'25 | 0'23 | 0'46 | 0'41 |
| Malt . . British | 1'59 | 1'45 | 1'60 | Beer 27'06 galls. |
| Spirits . . " | 0'83 | 0'74 | 0'84 | 0'83 |
| " . . Foreign | 0'14 | 0'19 | 0'25 | 0'24 |

A large consumption of articles of food in great part imported is a sign of general prosperity, and is conducive to greater effectiveness of labour. There is no reason to suppose that home production has diminished of late years, except indeed as the consequence of deficient harvests on special years. The increasing imports therefore denote so much additional food consumed by the people. Mr. Stephen Bourne, in his interesting paper "On our Increasing Dependence upon Foreign Supplies of Food," said, "To be thus dependent upon extraneous sources for so large a portion of the national food may probably, to some minds, be the occasion of much anxiety, as rendering our very existence precarious, and as being derogatory to our national pride; but provided our circumstances be such as to preclude it resulting in financial embarrassment we shall find it to be in every respect advantageous, or at least to have so many benefits connected with it as to far outweigh any consideration of an opposite character."

In round numbers the gross expenditure on articles of food and drink amounts to £500,000,000, and the net to £392,000,000, or, if we add 20 per cent. for cost and profits of distribution, £470,000,000. Of the gross expenditure, 72 per cent. is devoted to articles of food, and 28 per cent. to articles of drink, inclusive of sugar. Of the net expenditure, 78 per cent. is given to food and 22 per cent. to drink. And if we again divide the expenditure in drink between alcoholic and non-alcoholic, it will be seen that whilst the gross expenditure gives 20 per cent. in alcoholic to 8 per cent. non-alcoholic, the net expenditure, that is, exclusive of duties, etc., gives only 10 per cent. alcoholic to 12 per cent. non-alcoholic, the total results being much more favourable than they are often represented to be.

ARTICLES OF DRESS.

Cotton.

According to Messrs. Ellison's Cotton Circular the home consumption of cotton was, in 1880, 184,373,000 lb., which at the average price of 2'94d. per lb. would cost £2,250,000. Taking 4½ yards for every pound of cotton, the number of yards produced would be 829,678,000. The average price of piece goods, white, printed, etc., exported in 1880 was 3'16d. per yard. Assuming 5d. per yard for the cotton goods consumed at home, their cost would be £17,280,000. To this there must be added £1,500,000, the value of lace, and £4,000,000 of hosiery, besides £3,100,000 the value of cotton manufacture imported, making in all £25,880,000, and, with 20 per cent for distribution, £31,000,000.

Wool.

The quantity of wool left for home consumption in 1880, according to Messrs. Helmuth Schwartz and Co.'s circular, including domestic clip and total imports of wool, alpaca, and mohair, was 370,000,000 lb., besides 92,000,000 lb. woollen rags, torn up or not, used as wool. Deducting the exports of woollen manufacture, which represent 90,000,000 lb., the remainder, 280,000,000 lb., may be taken as the quantity consumed at home; and at two yards to the pound and 2s. per yard, the cost would be £56,000,000, besides £7,650,000 of woollen goods imported, making in all

£63,650,000. But considerable quantities of wool are used in flannel, blankets, rugs, carpet, and articles for the household, not articles of dress.* According to information kindly supplied by Messrs. John Scott and Co. the approximate consumption of wool and woollen goods may be calculated as follows:—For men's cloth the consumption is about 50 per cent. at 3s. per yard, 35 per cent. at 8s. 6d., and 15 per cent. at 11s. per yard. For women's dress 50 per cent. at 6½d. per yard, 35 per cent. at 11d., and 15 per cent. at 2s. 3d. per yard. And for women's mantle, jacket, and Ulster cloths 50 per cent. at 2s. 6d., 35 per cent. at 6s., and 15 per cent. at 10s. per yard. And at these calculations if only one dress per annum were used the cost would be £35,000,000. It is safe, however, to assume a consumption of half as much for dress, making a total of £52,600,000, which, with 20 per cent. for distribution, amounts to £63,000,000.

Linen.

There is a total want of detail regarding the consumption of linen, but it may be estimated at one-fourth of the consumption of cotton goods, viz., £6,400,000, and with 20 per cent. for distribution, £7,700,000.

Silk.

In 1880 there were imported into the United Kingdom, of raw and thrown silk, 3,877,000 lb., of which, however, there were exported 955,000 lb., leaving for home consumption 2,922,000 lb., say 3,000,000 lb., which, at five yards to the pound, would give 15,000,000 yards. Deduct from this 6,200,000 yards exported, there remained for home consumption 8,800,000 yards. At 4s. per yard these would give a cost of about £1,700,000. Add the import of silk manufacture, valued at £13,000,000, and we have a total of £14,700,000, and with 20 per cent. for distribution, £17,600,000.

Boots and Shoes, Hats, etc.

Boots and shoes constitute an expensive and necessary article of dress. Their cost at 8s. 6d. per pair would be £14,800,000. Of gloves, the home production is small. In 1880 there were imported 17,469,000 pairs, valued at £1,742,000. There were also imported £463,000 worth of artificial flowers, and sealskins to the value of £623,000. Sealskin jackets are a great luxury. The import price in 1880 averaged 19'08s. per skin, and it is not uncommon for such jackets to be sold for £40 and £50. On hats, the amount expended may be taken at £2,000,000, making a total for these articles of £19,600,000, and with 20 per cent. for distribution, £23,500,000.

Gold and Silver Plate.

There is, further, the expenditure on gold and silver. According to Mr. Giffen's evidence before the House of Commons Committee on hall-marks, about four and a half million ounces of silver are annually used in the United Kingdom for manufacture. At 4s. 6d. per ounce that would represent little more than £1,000,000; but in the manufacture of the precious metals the cost of workmanship is greatly in excess of the value of the raw material. Taking an average of £1 per ounce, the total amount expended would be £4,500,000. The amount expended in gold plate and jewellery must be considerable, but there is no means to estimate the same. The expenditure in gold and silver plate differs considerably in years of commercial prosperity and years of commercial depression. Therefore it can scarcely be considered a constant in the expenditure of the people; nevertheless it may be safely estimated that upwards of £5,000,000 are thus yearly expended, to say nothing of the expenditure

* The production of wool in the United Kingdom has been estimated as follows:—

| | | lb. |
|----------------------|----------------------------------|-------------|
| Leicestershire sheep | 12,933,000 fleeces at 7 lb. each | 90,531,000 |
| Downs | 6,130,000 " 4 lb. " | 24,520,000 |
| Cheviots | 4,368,000 " 3 lb. " | 13,104,000 |
| Blackfaced | 5,100,000 " 2½ lb. " | 14,027,750 |
| Welsh and Irish . . | 6,000,000 " 2 lb. " | 12,000,000 |
| | | 154,182,750 |

in diamonds. Allowing 20 per cent. for distribution, the expenditure would be £4,000,000.

The expenditure on articles of dress appears to amount to £148,000,000 gross and £123,000,000 net, the difference consisting solely of the cost and profit of distribution. It will be seen that cotton, wool, and leather absorb 80 per cent. of the whole expenditure.

HOUSE EXPENDITURE.

House-Rent.

After food and clothing comes house-rent. The amount charged to duty on dwelling-houses in Great Britain in 1878-9 was £36,609,000, and the annual value of dwelling-houses not liable to duty under £20 was £32,692,000, making a total of £69,301,000. Add £2,200,000 estimated value of messuages charged to income-tax in Ireland, the total is £71,700,000. Assuming house property to return 6 per cent., the net cost would be about £67,400,000.

Furniture.

To house-rent we must add the expense for furniture. The number of houses built yearly averages 60,000. At £100 furniture each the expense of furnishing them would be £6,000,000. But existing houses require constant additions and renewal. The total number of houses is now 6,500,000,* and the total rental may be estimated at £100,000,000: Let only 5 per cent. on the amount of rental be taken for renewal of furniture, and the amount is £5,000,000, making a total, with the furniture of new houses, of £11,000,000. Deduct from this 20 per cent. for distribution, and the expenditure is £9,000,000.

Coal.

The consumption of coal for household purposes was given by the Royal Commissioners in 1869 at 18,000,000 tons. Assuming the present consumption at 20,000,000 tons, its value at 12s. per ton wholesale, and 15s. retail, would be £12,000,000 and £15,000,000 respectively.

Gas.

We have no account of the total expenditure on gas and other descriptions of light, such as paraffin, tallow, stearine and wax candles, etc., all over the kingdom. The total amount of gas-rate (private lights) received by the Metropolitan Gas Companies is about £3,000,000, representing an expenditure of 16s. per head. Taking 10s. a head for the whole urban population, and 5s. a head for the rural, the whole expenditure would be £13,700,000. Deducting 20 per cent. for distribution, and the amount is £11,000,000.†

Water.

No data exist for estimating the expenditure for water. Here also the expenditure in cities is greatly in excess of the expenditure in rural districts, whilst considerable quantities of water are used for manufacturing purposes. The total amount received for water rate by the Metropolitan Water Companies is about £1,400,000 a year, which gives a proportion of 7s. 3d. per head. Assuming only 5s. per head on 20,000,000 of urban population the expenditure would be £5,000,000, or £4,000,000 net.

The house expenditure is considerable. House rent, furniture, coal, gas, and water, apart from rates and taxes, requiring £116,000,000 a year,

* The Census Commissioners reported the number of houses inhabited in 1881 to be as follows:—

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| England and Wales | 4,833,844 |
| Scotland | 729,010 |
| Ireland | 912,261 |
| | 6,475,115 |

† In 1882 the gas companies and local authorities sold together 66,613,000,000 cubic feet of gas. At 3s. per 1,000 feet that would represent about £9,000,000.

of which upwards of 60 per cent. is for house rent. The proportion of house rent to the total expenditure of the people is 8 per cent. of the gross and 9·9 per cent. of the net, but the proportion differs considerably among different classes of society. To take probably extreme cases, whilst a London labourer is required to pay at least 6s. a week for two rooms out of a weekly income of 25s. to 30s., or in the proportion of 20 to 25 per cent., a gentleman of the higher middle class will expend £100 a year in rent out of an income of £600 to £800, or in the proportion of 12 to 16 per cent. only.

TOBACCO.

Another branch of expenditure is tobacco, extensively consumed and highly taxed. In the year ended March 31, 1880, the quantity of tobacco entered for home consumption was, unmanufactured, 48,191,000 lb.; manufactured cigars, 1,150,000 lb.; other sorts, 153,000 lb.; valued at £2,877,000; and the amount of duty was £8,783,554, making a total of £11,661,000. Add 20 per cent. to the quantity of unmanufactured tobacco for other ingredients used in the process of manufacture, and calculate the whole at 4s. 6d. per pound for tobacco, and 12s. per pound for foreign manufacture, and the amount paid will be £13,176,000.

A considerable difference is found to exist between the gross and net expenditure in tobacco, largely due to the tax. From remarks made by Mr. Wills in the House of Commons upon Mr. Childers's Budget, if a man spends 3d. in tobacco, 2d. of that went to the revenue. On the commonest class the duty amounted to 700 per cent. Upon the better class of Virginia tobaccos it was 300 per cent. Upon the high class of Havannah and Turkey the duty was 100 to 130 per cent., while upon the high class cigars the duty was 10 per cent.

EDUCATION, LITERATURE, AND CHURCH.

Education.

The expenditure on education is partly of a public and partly of a private character. The income for elementary education in the year 1879-80 was, in England and Wales, £5,078,000; Scotland, £848,000; and Ireland, £772,000. Total, £6,698,000.* This amount, representing the cost of 3,590,000 children in attendance in the three kingdoms, being in proportion of £1 17s. per child. The portion derived from Government Grants being provided for by taxes, only about half of this amount must be taken as the personal expenditure of the people, say £3,500,000. Taking the Public Elementary Schools to cover three-fourths of the children of school age, there are at least 900,000 children not included in the above, which, at £5 per pupil, will give £4,500,000. To these there must be added the income of the Grammar and other Endowed Schools, given by the Commissioners, of £336,000; of the Public Schools, £65,000; the income at the Universities, estimated at £1,000,000; and the cost of building and rental of houses for educational purposes, museums, etc., estimated at £1,500,000 per annum, making a total expenditure on education of upwards of £11,000,000, only a fifth of which probably in materials—viz., £2,200,000.

* The aggregate annual income of Schools in 1882 in England and Wales and Scotland was as follows:—

| | Eng. & Wls. | Scotland. | Gt. Brit. | Per Cent. of Total. |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|-----------|------------|---------------------|
| Endowment | 154,000 | 20,000 | 174,000 | 2·59 |
| School Board Rates | 841,000 | 147,000 | 1,038,000 | 15·41 |
| Voluntary Contributions | 717,000 | 29,000 | 746,000 | 11·08 |
| School Pence | 1,660,000 | 276,000 | 1,936,000 | 28·74 |
| Government Grant | 2,393,000 | 377,000 | 2,770,000 | 41·13 |
| Other Sources | 65,000 | 7,000 | 72,000 | 1·06 |
| | £5,830,000 | £906,000 | £6,736,000 | 100·00 |

The personal expenditure in School pence is thus seen to amount to only 28·74 per cent. of the whole.

Literature, Science, and Art.

The number of books published during the year, including new books and new editions, as given in the "Publishers' Circular," in the five years from 1875 to 1879, averaged 5,200. Taking only 500 copies per book and 4s. per volume, the amount would be £7,200,000. Probably £5,000,000 is a safe amount to take as the annual expenditure. The expenditure for Science includes the subscriptions to scientific societies, the maintenance of private observatories and museums, schools, etc. The Art Exhibitions, and the high prices given for painting, sculpture, etc., show that a considerable amount is expended in the same. The total thus expended under this head may be calculated at £7,000,000 gross, or £5,000,000 net.

Newspapers.

Another important branch of expenditure eminently educational is the daily newspaper. In 1854 the number of stamps impressed on newspapers in the United Kingdom was 122,178,000. Since then, however, the stamp duty and the advertisement duty alike have been abolished, and the penny paper has been started with marvellous success. Taking the daily issue at 4,000,000, the cost to the public would be £5,000,000 gross and £3,500,000 net.

Church.

Of considerable importance as respects the amount is the expenditure for ecclesiastical purposes. In 1881 there were in the United Kingdom 44,000 clergymen* and others connected with religious offices. But fully a half of their income is derived from tithes and other endowments. Assuming an average annual income of £200, the total would be about £9,000,000, of which £5,000,000 is expended from national income. At this moment in the United Kingdom there must be at least 50,000 places of worship. Assuming only £200 for expense of maintenance, caretaking, insurance, etc., the amount is £10,000,000; about the half being provided by endowments. Besides this there is the amount contributed for missionary purposes, given in 1880 at £1,700,000. The "Nonconformist," of 10th January, 1884, gave statistics of the expenditure of English and Scottish religious bodies and societies amounting in all to £3,068,000. Altogether the amount expended for ecclesiastical purposes out of the annual income may be taken at £12,000,000, but only one-fifth of the amount as expenditure apart from salaries—viz., £2,400,000.

The expenditure upon these items is not so much in materials as in the time and services devoted to the purpose by men of learning and science. Part of the expenditure for education consists in the production of school books, included under Literature. The expenditure upon literature, science, and art consists largely in the remuneration of authors and artists, which in reality is only a transfer from hand to hand. The expenditure for ecclesiastical purposes is partly in buildings and services, and partly in missions at home and abroad.

LOCOMOTION.

A large amount is annually expended in locomotion. The gross receipts from passenger traffic on the railways amount to £26,000,000. Add £6,000,000 for tramways, cabs, and omnibuses, and we have a total of £30,000,000. But of this amount only one-fourth can be taken as representing the personal expenditure, or about £7,500,000, only 40 per cent. of which will represent the real expenditure in the maintenance of ways, locomotive power, horses, etc., or £3,000,000.

*AMUSEMENTS.**Theatres and Music-Halls.*

Lastly, there is the amount expended in amusements of all kinds. First in importance is the theatre. In 1877 Mr.

* This included for the United Kingdom 25,049 ministers of the Episcopal Established Church, 13,038 ministers of dissenting churches, and 5,741 Roman Catholic priests, or in the proportion of 57 per cent. of the Established Church, 30 per cent. dissenting ministers, and 13 per cent. Catholic priests.

Hollingshead gave in evidence that in London there were forty-five theatres licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, and six licensed by the magistrates, with a nightly holding capacity of 76,000, being on an average of 20 per 1,000 inhabitants. Assuming theatrical provision on the same proportion among the 20,000,000 of urban population, there would be provision for 400,000, and at 1s. 6d. each for 200 nights, the total sum would be £6,000,000. The "Era Almanack" gives a list of about 276 theatres, that, at an average capacity of 1,400, would give an aggregate capacity of 386,000. The London theatres are considerably larger. Of music-halls, the number given in the "Era" is 216. Taking their average capacity at 400, and at 6d. per night, also for 250 nights, the sum so expended would be about £500,000, making, with the theatrical, an expenditure of £6,500,000, only one-fourth of which, viz., £1,600,000, in materials. Mr. W. E. A. Axon, in a paper on the cost of theatrical amusements read before the Manchester Statistical Society, estimated their cost at £2,339,000, and of music-halls at £590,000, making in all £2,929,000, but he took only the localities possessing theatres having an aggregate population of 15,000,000 instead of 20,000,000, the total urban population, all of whom more or less have temporary if not permanent theatrical amusements; nor did he take into account the incidental expenses connected therewith to the frequenters, often exceeding the cost of admission.

Other Amusements.

The Crystal Palace is a type of another order of amusements. By the courtesy of the late manager, Major Page, we learn that the average number of visitors who paid for admission in the three years, 1878 to 1880, was 988,760, of whom 833,728 were adults, and 155,032 children, besides nearly as many season-ticket holders, performers, and others. The ordinary receipt of the company from admissions in 1880 was £40,000, and the amount received from reserved seats and programmes, £20,604, making a total of £60,600, giving an average of about 1s. 3d. per person. Add 1s. 6d. for the railway and 6d. for refreshment in excess of the cost at home, we may assume that every visitor pays at least 3s. 3d. There are, however, special days—Boxing Day and Easter Monday, and two other Bank holidays, or equivalent days in the manufacturing districts, in all four days in the year—when a large portion of the population is in quest of amusement. On one such day in London 120,000 find their way to the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, 72,000 to the different galleries, and 95,000 to the Zoological, and Horticultural, and Kew Gardens. Assuming that on such days one in ten of the urban population, or about 2,000,000, is bent on amusement, and that on an average 3s. per head is the amount expended, the total for each day would be £300,000, or for the four days £1,200,000.* But there are amusements of quite another order. How shall we estimate the expense incurred on the Derby day or on racing all the year? There are about 2,500 race-horses, the breeding and training of which cost £300 each, or £750,000. The amount spent in a month's grouse-shooting by a single party is put down at least at £447. Fox-hunting is another heavy source of expenditure. There are 150 packs of foxhounds kept in England and Wales, the aggregate cost of which, including the cost of hunters, is put down at £700,000. Then there is fishing, coursing, cricket, archery, bicycling,† and numerous other sports, all involving a large expenditure. A total of £6,000,000 a year, of which about one-fourth, or £1,500,000 in materials, will probably cover all the other forms of amusements in the United Kingdom.

* The weekly railway receipts indicate the effect of a holiday on the movements of the people. Taking the entire passengers' receipts of the Great Eastern, Great Northern, Great Western, London and Brighton, London, Chatham, and Dover, London and South-Western, Midland, and London and North-Western for the week before, and the week after the Bank holidays in 1880, the excess of receipts amounted to £260,000, but as many take their holiday before the actual day, and many return after the same, the account is not exact. The average receipts per annum for the last three years for traffic to the Crystal Palace by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway was £25,655. On Easter Monday the receipts were £1,084; on Whit Monday £1,022; on the August Bank Holiday £790, and on Boxing Day £466.

† The Secretary of the Bicycle Union informs us that 100,000 may be taken as the number of machines in use, entailing an annual expense of about £500,000, besides the expense of subscription to clubs, uniforms, repairs, and many more items.

TAXES.

To the personal expenditure thus traced we should add the amount paid to the State and expended by the same, as well as the amount paid to the local Government. In the year ended March 31st, 1880, the amount paid in customs, excise, stamp duties, land tax, house duty, and property and income tax, amounted to £67,826,000. Of this £44,626,000 have already appeared in the personal expenditure for food and drink. There remains, therefore, to be added £23,200,000 of public taxation, while for local purposes the amount levied direct by rates in 1873-4 was £24,332,000, making a total of £47,532,000. Of the £92,158,000 thus levied by taxes (public and local), by far the largest portion is expended in salaries in the United Kingdom. What may be considered as nationally expended are votes for supply, manufacture, and repair of warlike and other stores, £1,200,000; superintending establishment of, and expenditure for works, buildings, and repairs, at home and abroad, £850,000; dockyards and naval yards, at home and abroad, £1,300,000; naval stores, £1,000,000; new works building, £550,000; public works, £1,500,000; Foreign and Colonial Civil Services, £567,000: in all, £6,967,000.

COST AND PROFITS OF DISTRIBUTION.

In order to arrive at the real expenditure we have deducted 20 per cent. from retail prices for the cost and profits of distribution, as well as all taxes imposed on articles of food and drink. The real cost and profits of distribution should, however, be calculated as adding to the utilities of the articles consumed. The amount deducted for distribution being £155,000,000, the half representing the real cost is £77,500,000.

Taking the expenditure as a whole it may be generally described and divided as follows:

| Articles. | Gross Expenditure. | Per cent. of Total. | Net Expenditure. | Per cent. of Total. |
|---|--------------------|---------------------|------------------|---------------------|
| | £ | | £ | |
| Food and drink— | | | | |
| Bread . . . | 77,500,000 | 8.8 | 60,000,000 | 8.8 |
| Potatoes . . . | 33,200,000 | 3.7 | 27,700,000 | 4.1 |
| Vegetables . . . | 17,000,000 | 1.9 | 14,000,000 | 2.0 |
| Meat . . . | 99,800,000 | 11.4 | 83,000,000 | 12.3 |
| Fish . . . | 14,500,000 | 1.7 | 11,700,000 | 1.7 |
| Butter and cheese | 36,000,000 | 4.1 | 30,000,000 | 4.3 |
| Milk and eggs | 42,000,000 | 4.8 | 35,000,000 | 5.1 |
| Fruit . . . | 11,100,000 | 1.3 | 9,300,000 | 1.3 |
| Sugar . . . | 27,000,000 | 3.0 | 24,700,000 | 3.6 |
| Tea . . . | 15,300,000 | 1.8 | 8,800,000 | 1.2 |
| Coffee . . . | 3,000,000 | 0.3 | 2,200,000 | 0.3 |
| Beer . . . | 75,000,000 | 8.5 | 29,000,000 | 4.5 |
| Spirits . . . | 40,000,000 | 4.6 | 8,000,000 | 1.2 |
| Wine . . . | 9,000,000 | 1.0 | 5,800,000 | 0.8 |
| | 500,400,000 | 56.9 | 349,200,000 | 51.2 |
| Dress— | | | | |
| Cotton . . . | 31,000,000 | 3.5 | 25,880,000 | 3.8 |
| Wool . . . | 63,000,000 | 7.2 | 52,800,000 | 7.7 |
| Linen . . . | 7,700,000 | 0.9 | 6,400,000 | 0.9 |
| Silk . . . | 17,600,000 | 2.0 | 14,700,000 | 2.1 |
| Leather . . . | 23,500,000 | 2.7 | 19,600,000 | 2.9 |
| Silver and gold ornaments (Jewellery) . . . | 5,000,000 | 0.5 | 4,000,000 | 0.6 |
| | 147,800,000 | 16.8 | 123,300,000 | 18.0 |
| House— | | | | |
| House rent . . . | 71,700,000 | 8.0 | 67,400,000 | 9.9 |
| Furniture . . . | 11,000,000 | 1.2 | 9,000,000 | 1.3 |
| Coal . . . | 15,000,000 | 1.7 | 12,000,000 | 1.8 |
| Gas . . . | 13,700,000 | 1.6 | 11,000,000 | 1.6 |
| Water . . . | 5,000,000 | 0.6 | 4,000,000 | 0.6 |
| | 116,400,000 | 13.1 | 103,400,000 | 15.2 |
| Tobacco . . . | 13,100,000 | 1.9 | 3,000,000 | 0.4 |

| | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|-------|-------------|-------|
| Education . . . | 11,000,000 | 1.3 | 2,200,000 | 0.3 |
| Literature . . . | 7,000,000 | 0.7 | 5,000,000 | 0.7 |
| Newspaper . . . | 5,000,000 | 0.5 | 3,500,000 | 0.5 |
| Church . . . | 12,000,000 | 1.3 | 2,400,000 | 0.4 |
| | 35,000,000 | 3.8 | 13,100,000 | 1.9 |
| Locomotion . . . | 7,000,000 | 0.8 | 3,000,000 | 0.4 |
| Theatres, etc. . . | 6,500,000 | 0.7 | 1,600,000 | 0.2 |
| Amusements . . . | 6,000,000 | 0.6 | 1,500,000 | 0.2 |
| | 12,500,000 | 1.3 | 3,100,000 | 0.5 |
| Taxes . . . | 47,500,000 | 5.4 | 7,000,000 | 1.0 |
| Cost of Distribution . . . | | | 77,500,000 | 11.4 |
| Total . . . | 879,700,000 | 100.0 | 682,600,000 | 100.0 |

Precise as these figures appear to be, let me warn my readers against taking them as indicating more than they pretend to be. In truth the subject, in all its details, bristles with difficulty. On the whole it is a comfort to know that the great bulk of the income of the people is productively expended. Though much may be devoted to luxury, and a goodly portion absolutely wasted, a handsome surplus remains for reproduction, which goes to swell the capital of the nation.

Varieties.

The Earthquake of April, 1884.—The Rev. T. E. Cato writes from Colchester: "We were sitting at breakfast at twenty minutes past nine, when suddenly a jingling sound was heard, which rapidly developed into a deep under-ground rolling noise. Our house, which is a large substantially built one, seemed as if it were falling to pieces. All the bells began to ring. I rushed to the staircase to entreat my wife to hurry out of the place, but the staircase seemed to be falling, and I believed the end was at hand. The pictures in the drawing-room were swung to and fro, and the noise of bells, lamps, and windows seemed to denote a terrible crash. I calculated that the shock lasted fifteen seconds. The destruction in and around Colchester is very great, and there seems a general impression that no shock so severe has ever been felt before in this country."

Earthquake Shock in London.—At the House of Lords, in one of the four pinnacles of the tower, six workmen were engaged busily at their work, some little distance apart, when they were all greatly alarmed at the sudden undulatory motion. They collected together in amazement, and, another shock coming on, they instantly withdrew from the pinnacle to the roof of the tower, near the flagstaff. Here they felt the tower still vibrate, and they immediately reported the matter, attributing the shaking of the tower to the wind. They were informed that no wind that ever blew would have the smallest effect on such a massive structure, and after a little they resumed their operations on the scaffolding.

Earthquake in London in 1750.—The Court and the "quality" at the West-end were scared out of their senses by the recurrence of two slight shocks of earthquakes which were felt at the interval of exactly a month in the southern counties of England. We know this from the contemporary pens of Horace Walpole, Lady Hervey, and other gossips of the time; and Hughson records in his "History of London," under the date 1750, the fact that these shocks took place on the 8th of February and the 8th of March. The double earthquake was seized upon by the prophets and astrologers, and was made the subject of sensational sermons in the pulpits of London. The consequence was a real panic; and early in April, while the poorer classes spent the dreaded night in walking about Lambeth and Lamb's Conduit Fields or Clapham Common, and Hampstead Heath, scores and

hundreds of the titled classes allowed their fears so far to prevail over their sober judgments that they left their houses in Mayfair and St. James's, ordered their carriages and sedan-chairs, and drove or were carried into Hyde Park, where they spent the hours of darkness in tents, while some took up their quarters on the barges and lighters upon the river. The earthquake never came off, but several days elapsed before the panic really subsided. Whitfield preached, with great eloquence and effect, to the crowds in Hyde Park. The scene at one of these services by night was very solemn and impressive, and was long remembered and spoken of.

Charles Reade.—In an eloquent and affectionate tribute to the late Charles Reade, the veteran Mr. Browning states that he was remarkable in his closing years for his humble and earnest piety. In accordance with this, we learn that the following inscription for his tombstone in Willesden churchyard was composed by himself shortly before his death: "Here lie, by the side of his beloved friend (Mrs. Seymour), the mortal remains of Charles Reade, dramatist, novelist, and journalist. His last words to mankind are on this stone."

"I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in Nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made Nature and me. He created man out of nothing; which Nature could not. He can restore man from the dust, which Nature cannot. And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not from anything I have said or done in the body, but from the merits and the mediation of Jesus Christ. He has promised His intercession to all who seek it, and He will not break His word: that intercession once granted cannot be rejected, for He is God and His merits infinite. A man's sins are but human and finite. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins." "

The Late Duke of Buccleuch and his Tenants.—One of the most interesting events in the Duke's career—interesting to himself as well as to others—was the celebration of the majority of his eldest son, the Earl of Dalkeith, in September, 1852. The rejoicings held in all parts of the Buccleuch estates—in Dalkeith, Hawick, Kelso, Melrose, Dumfries, and in a host of smaller places—formed a powerful and gratifying testimony to the estimation in which the Duke was held by those who knew him best and were most closely connected with him. In few places did the proceedings pass without the acknowledgment of some act of liberality and philanthropy. Here he had built a church, there a school, there a bridge. In Dalkeith he helped to build the Corn Exchange; in Hawick he commuted the petty customs, subscribed handsomely to the Corn Exchange, and gave the town two supplies of water. What was most highly commended everywhere was the Duke's admirable treatment of his tenantry. Presiding at the Dalkeith gathering, he said to his tenants there: "I feel especial pleasure in having you here to-day; for the longer I live the more I am convinced that there should be but one feeling and one sentiment between tenant and landlord." His brother, Lord John Scott, said that the gathering was "a display founded upon mutual friendship and esteem such as could not be paralleled in this country." On another occasion, on returning to Scotland from abroad, the Duke gave a dinner to a thousand of his tenantry! It was truly said of him by Professor Sir Robert Christison that he was "a man whose possessions are in Scotland; whose residence is in Scotland; a man whose life has been spent in Scotland; and a man whose heart is in Scotland."

The Test of the Tongue in Worthy Communicating.—Comparing things seen with things unseen, how appropriate that the tongue, which first touched the forbidden fruit, and acquired its evil, should be the first member to take the bidden fruit, the bread and wine. Is it not to us a great prevention against evil speaking to communicate worthily? and we cannot think it possible ever to communicate worthily if we never communicate at all. But it is possible for men to communicate worthily, though this is not possible while they continue their fearfully treacherous words against one another. I speak of the common parlance of life, where we all are so apt to err. We could not keep repeating that unkind amusing story of X or Y. If we were often communing it would

choke us. Therefore there is a close analogy in the remedy and the sickness, as shown by the tongue. We can tell how we are progressing by the tongue far quicker than by any other way. It is a sure barometer of the heart, and it is one we can see, and others see at once. The tongue is glib, serpent-like, and it is odd that women have it in such perfection, which none have ever doubted. It is their defence. The woman ate first, and the tongue is her particular forte. Yet when women speak good, how well they speak out! They are in this point the salt of the earth. The tongue sits on the four-horned throne, a sort of crown—compare the incense altar. Prayer is the incense before the throne of God; but the tongue is the sacrifice of the altar, and it must be quickened by the fire of God, not by the fire of hell.—*General Gordon's "Reflections in Palestine."* (Macmillan.)

Judge Kent.—A good story is told of Judge Kent, the well-known American jurist. A man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence on the trial showed that his burglary consisted in cutting a hole through a tent in which several persons were sleeping, and then inserting his head and arm through the hole and abstracting various articles of value. It was claimed by his counsel that, inasmuch as he never actually entered into the tent with his whole body he had not committed the offence charged, and must therefore be discharged. Judge Kent, in reply to this plea, told the jury that if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in the crime they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was thus involved. The jury, after a brief consultation, found the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head of the prisoner guilty of the offence of burglary. The judge sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder, and head to imprisonment with hard labour in the State prison for two years, remarking that, as to the rest of the man's body, he might do with it what he pleased.

Earthquakes in England.—A contemporary gives the following statement: "The most severe of the 255 earthquake shocks recorded in Great Britain were those of Lincoln in 1142, of Glastonbury in 1274, when the Abbey was destroyed, of a wide part of England in November, 1318, and of April 6th, 1580, when London was visited by a shock which brought down part of Old St. Paul's and the Temple Church. More than a century later, in October, 1690, Dublin experienced a severe shock, and London was again visited by earthquake, though the shock was but slight, in 1750. Slight shocks were also felt in various parts of England in 1852, 1859, 1860, and 1863. In the latter year, indeed, the disturbance was rather severe. At Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Stourbridge, Cheltenham, and at many other places in Staffordshire and Worcestershire, houses trembled, walls cracked, furniture was shaken, and people, aroused from their sleep, ran terrified into the streets. The force of the shock was felt at Bristol, Exeter, Swansea, and many miles out at sea. Another, but slighter, disturbance was experienced in October, 1868, and somewhat severe shocks were felt on March 17th and 22nd, 1871, in Yorkshire and the north-west districts."

Death-Rate in American Cities.—During the week ending March 1, 1884, in twenty-nine cities of the United States, having an aggregate population of 6,550,400, there died 2,519 persons, which is equivalent to an annual death-rate of 20 per 1,000. Of all the deaths, 36.4 per cent. were of children under five years of age.—*Sanitary Engineer, New York.*

M. de Lesseps of Scotch Origin.—At the Edinburgh University festival M. de Lesseps made a speech which was received with much enthusiasm. After expressing regret at his inability to speak English, he said that his family were of Scottish descent. His father had been sent to Egypt by the French Directorate after the Peace of Amiens and intrusted with the duty of finding a native chief sufficiently energetic and intelligent to overthrow the power of the Mamelukes, whose disastrous rule had ruined the country and been the cause of the French expedition to Egypt. He found an intelligent and vigorous man named Mehemet Ali, who was born in Macedonia. That chieftain had only one hundred men under his orders, and he did not know how to read or

write, but he was very proud to have been chosen by the representative of France to govern Egypt. Later on, in 1832, when he had himself gone as Consul-General in Egypt, he was very well received by Mehemet Ali, who remembered that he owed his situation to his father. That succession of circumstances had helped materially the success of the Suez Canal. He had been frequently attacked, not in Scotland, but in England, and those attacks had been favourable to his undertaking. He could not forget that twenty-eight years ago when he had made a tour of twenty-two public meetings in England and Scotland he had come to Edinburgh, where he had received most cordial hospitality under the auspices of the University.

Edinburgh University Tricentenary Festival.—An Edinburgh correspondent points out an error in the article in our April part. The Lord Rector is elected by the undergraduates, not by the graduates. A Glasgow graduate makes another correction: "Edinburgh is not the *only* School of Law in Scotland. The University of Glasgow has a fully equipped Faculty of Law and confers two degrees in Law—i.e., LL.B. and B.L., and is very largely attended by law students from all parts of the country. The chair of Scots Law was revived and endowed in 1713, while the chair of Conveyancing was instituted in 1861. There are also lecturers in Medical Jurisprudence, Public Law, and Constitutional Law. The degree of Bachelor of Law (LL.B.) necessitates a graduation in arts before examination, and that of Bachelor of Law (B.L.) is one which requires the passing in four arts and four law subjects. They both entitle the holder to a seat in the University Council. I cannot speak positively of the other Universities in Scotland, but believe they also have Faculties of Law."

Foreign Delegates at Edinburgh University Festival.—These delegates were seventy-five in number, and represented the sister Universities of Scotland, the Universities of England, the leading Universities of France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Austro-Hungary, Italy, Portugal, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Canada, the United States, Brazil, Chili, the Cape Colony, India, Australia, New Zealand, and Japan. Many of these deputies presented to the Chancellor congratulatory addresses, some in rolls, some in handsome cases, some in volumes handsomely bound, some, as for example that of London, in commonplace blue envelopes. Helsingfors presented a magnificent volume in velvet and gold. Many of the deputies spoke words of greeting to the Chancellor when presented to him, but only one or two ventured to make themselves heard by the audience. Dr. Ask, of Lund, made a short speech, and Dr. Stengel, of Marburg, made a shorter English one, in which he offered the congratulations of the first Protestant University of Germany to the first Protestant University of Scotland.

The Queen's Letter of Thanks.—In her public reply to the numerous addresses of loyalty and sympathy on the occasion of the death of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, the Queen makes touching allusion to the "great qualities of head and heart" in him whose loss she and the nation deplore. And the following words of womanly feeling and of Christian spirit must move every heart: "The affectionate sympathy of my loyal people, which has never failed me in weal or woe, is very soothing to my heart. Though much shaken and sorely afflicted by the many sorrows and trials which have fallen upon me during these past years, I will not lose courage, and with the help of Him who has never forsaken me, will strive to labour on for the sake of my children, and for the good of the country I love so well, as long as I can."

The Wycliffe Quincentenary.—The Rev. Henry Stretch, rector of Ludgarshall, Bucks, writes:—Much has been written about Wycliffe's connection with Lutterworth, but comparatively little is known of the life of Wycliffe in Buckinghamshire. In the approaching quincentenary commemoration of Wycliffe's death (December 31, 1384) it should not be forgotten that he was rector of Ludgarshall from 1368 during several of the most active years of his life. Mr. Pennington's forthcoming *Life of Wycliffe* will illustrate this part of his work more than previous biographies have done. In order to be near Oxford and the libraries, he exchanged from Fillingham to Ludgarshall, and here, in the midst of Bern-

wood Forest, in that faithful care of his flock so well described by Chaucer, and in making known the truths of God's Word, he passed the time which was not given to University work till he settled at Lutterworth, 1375. He was a burning and shining light in dark times. The gross darkness of ignorance and superstition was over the land till the "morning star of the Reformation" reflected the rays of the Sun of Righteousness upon our forefathers, and was the first to give them the Word of God in their mother tongue to be a light to their path. From this parish he sent forth his "pore priests," a multitude of itinerant preachers of the Gospel, and Fuller's Church History tells us that this county produced more Lollard martyrs than any other in England. Foxe, Southwell, and others record the horrible persecutions of Wycliffe's followers in the diocese of Lincoln, of which Bucks formed a part, when sons and daughters were made to kindle the fires at which their parents were burnt at Amersham and Buckingham, for reading Wycliffe's Bible, or saying the Lord's Prayer in their own language. Here Wycliffe was visited by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who, with the Earl Marshal of England, stood by him in his danger, and probably saved him from a cruel death. And here at Ludgarshall, a parish which has suffered severely from the depression, is still standing the ancient church in which Wycliffe ministered. It was built in the reign of Edward I (1272-1307), the tower added during Edward III; unchanged by modern renovators and innovators, but sorely in need of such substantial repairs and reverent restoration as may make it once more a worthy offering to the glory of God and perpetuate the memory of His faithful servant, John Wycliffe. This I should rejoice to do at my sole cost if possible; but, in default of means, I will ask the banks in this county and in Oxford to kindly receive subscriptions for "Wycliffe's Church Restoration Fund"—that fund to be spent under the direction of such a representative committee as I hope to enlist, and who will command the confidence of all the contributors.

Dr. Johnson and Westminster Abbey.—"A Traveller from New Zealand" writes: "I notice with much regret the broken state of the slab in Westminster Abbey to the memory of that good old man, Dr. Samuel Johnson. Are the authorities so poor that they cannot provide another? His centenary will soon be at hand; have they nothing to show but neglect?"

Death-Rate in English Cities.—Subjoined is the Registrar-General's weekly return of births and deaths in London and in 27 other great towns for the week ending Saturday, March 29: The deaths registered last week in 28 great towns of England and Wales corresponded to an annual rate of 20.8 per 1,000 of their aggregate population, which is estimated at 8,762,354 persons in the middle of this year. The death-rates in the several towns, ranged in order from the lowest, were as follows: Derby, 12.5; Brighton, 13.9; Bristol, 14.0; Bradford, 15.9; Huddersfield, 17.6; Birkenhead, 17.8; Plymouth, 18.7; Leicester, 18.9; Sunderland, 19.1; Bolton, 19.6; Sheffield, 19.8; Wolverhampton, 20.0; Nottingham, 20.3; London, 20.4; Birmingham, 20.8; Salford, 21.4; Leeds, 21.5; Cardiff, 21.8; Hull, 21.9; Liverpool, 22.2; Portsmouth, 22.7; Norwich, 23.7; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 24.1; Blackburn, 25.0; Manchester, 27.1; Oldham, 27.6; Preston, 27.8; Halifax, 30.7.

Across the Ferry.—The Guion mail steamer Oregon, which left Queenstown on the 13th April, arrived at New York at five p.m. 19th April, all well, making the extraordinary passage of six days nine hours twenty-two minutes, or twelve hours less than the fastest passage on record, which was made by her sister vessel the Alaska.

Agnostics.—"I am an Agnostic!" remarked a young man, in swelling accents. "And an Agnostic is what?" inquired an elderly gentleman. "An Agnostic," replied the fresh youth, in a manner expressive of his pity for his interlocutor's ignorance—"an Agnostic is a fellow, you know, who isn't sure of anything." "I see," replied the old gentleman. "But how does it happen that you are sure you are an Agnostic?" Mr. Spurgeon, addressing his students, said this term was a new invention, but taking the obvious derivation of the word they might use for an Agnostic the older and more familiar name of an Ignoramus!

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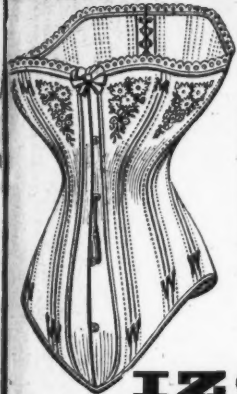
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